

# The Sketch



No. 551.—VOL. XLIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY,  
WHO TO-NIGHT TAKES UP MISS EDNA MAY'S PART IN "THE SCHOOLGIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'.

*Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.*





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

"LONDON," quoted the other man, as the train lumbered away from the Folkestone platform, "is the best place in summer and the only place in winter." Then he closed both the windows, shut both the ventilators, wrapped a rug tightly round his legs, pulled a cap over his eyes, and began to snore. At any other time, I should have tapped him, gently but firmly, on the knee, and suggested to him that he should be a little less didactic in his waking hours, and a little less noisy in his sleep. But, on this particular evening of last week, I had not the heart to quarrel. For the space of an hour and a-half I had been staring, with white, set face, at the rolling waters of the Channel, my feet dabbled in some three inches of water, and my whole form, ever and anon, deluged with flying spray. My overcoat—one of those lying things that are called rain-proof—was wet through; my teeth were chattering; my limbs were shivering. Even my bag, resting uneasily in the rack overhead, was soaked to the point of blackness. And well it might be, for, throughout the length of that miserable crossing, the poor thing had remained on the deck, exposed to the full fury of the gale. True, I had seen it floating there, but, despite the fact that it contained a dress-suit, I felt that I didn't really care.

And so the other man snored on, and London, that snug haven, drew nearer and nearer. The train ran very smoothly; the carriage grew warmer; I fell asleep. And, in my sleep, I experienced, once again, the incidents and adventures of the few previous days. First of all, I was crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne. My enemies, the waves, were ominously calm and peaceful. I suppose they were secretly rejoicing in the knowledge that I should have to come back. At any rate, the boat travelled so evenly that I was able to strut to and fro with all the bumptiousness of the "good" sailor. I smoked a cigarette; I went below and drank ginger-beer; I assured my companions that, after all, the terrors of the Channel were grossly exaggerated. Presently we arrived at Boulogne, and I remembered, in my dreams, the charming little dinner that we ate there, and the mad, laughing rush for the train to Étaples. And then came a vision of Étaples itself—that quiet, picturesque fishing-town so beloved of artists, and writers, and other disreputable people of my own class. But we had no time to linger at Étaples, for the night was already upon us, and we were expected at Paris Plage. In holiday mood, therefore, we boarded the electric-car, and, with the soft night-air beating upon our faces, rushed and swayed through the woods of Le Touquet to our destination.

Paris Plage, as everyone knows who has ever wandered in that direction, is a place of negative advantages and positive disadvantages. Thus, whilst there are no niggers, the town is also innocent of drainage; the freedom from convention is balanced by the lack of either gas or electric-light; whilst it is true that one escapes day-trippers, it is equally true that there are no amusements. It is a place *per se*, a weird wilderness of wooden houses and piles of sand. The population of Paris Plage is made up of summer visitors and a hotel-keeper. The summer visitors wear bathing-dresses, and the hotel-keeper wears a look of resignation. Nobody is really happy there, but everybody has an uneasy sort of feeling that they ought to be enjoying themselves tremendously. In my dream, I visited again the Paris Plage Casino and watched the local gamblers wearily punting with franc-pieces. In the dancing-saloon, five youths, grave beyond their years, were crawling round and round in the company of five demure maidens. The day was Sunday, and the children in the street without were celebrating the Sabbath by letting off crackers and marching about by the light of half-a-dozen Chinese lanterns.

The train lurched over the points, but I did not wake up. I fancied that I was once again driving with my friends through the Forest of Le Touquet. On either side of us, dark masses of pine-trees rustled and whispered in the night-wind; down the road to meet us came the fresh, strong breezes of the Atlantic. In my vision, even as in reality, there seemed to be something fantastic and unreal about this night-drive through the cool woods. The atmosphere of the place was charged with romance; one felt as though one were playing a part in a tale from Fairyland, and, half-unconsciously, glanced around for the glittering palace and the brave knight in shining armour. Judge of my delight, then, when our carriage presently turned into a long avenue that led to a veritable palace in the heart of the Forest. True, it was a modern palace and electrically lighted, but the unexpectedness of our discovery lent the necessary touch of fantasy and acquitted us of mere materialism in our joy. Here, too, we found a Casino—a find that, so far as one of my friends was concerned, meant a considerable loss. But the sordid side of the adventure became quite vague to me as I lived it over again in my slumbers; my unlucky friend, indeed, resolved himself into a fairy godfather scattering golden coins upon a lawn of brightest green. . . .

Another jolt of the train, and I was seated in a motor-car, tearing over a smooth road that wound its sunlit way past quaint little cottages and through white, winding streets. In front of me sat a fearsome Frenchman, bearded, grim, goggle-eyed. In his hands he held a steering-wheel and, incidentally, our lives. He was a perfect driver; so much we all admitted. The circumstance, however, that lent to our drive the necessary element of excitement was his delicious ignorance of the country through which we were hurrying. It is but poor fun, you will understand, to whiz round a corner at twenty-five miles an hour when you know exactly what happens after the bend. In our case there was no such hindrance to complete and utter enjoyment. As we approached a sharp turn in the road, we realised, delightedly, that our driver knew no more than we did about the conditions of the track that lay concealed from view. Nor did he spoil the sport by lessening the speed at which we were travelling. He guessed, I suppose, that our lives were quite worthless to the world at large, and thus it happened that, at one time, we pulled up within an inch of a substantial gate; at another, that we charged a level-crossing with such violence that the car actually leapt into the air. Splendid fun!

But still, as the other man in the train had observed, "London is the best place in summer and the only place in winter." As we neared Charing Cross, I woke up, and was not a little pleased to find myself within ten minutes of dry clothes, comfortable slippers, and a pipe. On the bridge outside Charing Cross Station the train stopped for a moment, and the snorer, who was rubbing his eyes, did his best to pick a quarrel with me about the arrangement of the line. I did not pay much attention to him, but I gathered, vaguely, that he was challenging me to explain how it came about that our train had managed to get to Charing Cross without going into Cannon Street. The problem, of course, was not worth discussing at that time of night, and I intimated as much by looking out of the window and humming a little tune. Then the fellow, stupidly enough, lost his temper, and bundled off without saying "good-night." I hurried after him, laughing loudly and scornfully, but he refused to provide me with further entertainment. . . . And so home, there to loll in my own chair, and skim through the daily papers that had accumulated in my absence. Very trivial they seemed, however, and soon I thrust them aside and revelled in the knowledge that I was once again in London. There was, at least, one bond of sympathy between myself and my cross travelling-companion.





THE CYNIC BY THE SEA.

NOTES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF FRANK REYNOLDS.





Marienbad—Its Landlords—The "Cure"—The "Goose March."

MARIENBAD, where the King is going through his "cure," is an old holiday-making spot of my own, and one of which I have the pleasantest memories. Carlsbad and Marienbad are the two rivals amongst the Austrian watering-places. They are connected

by a line of rail which runs through beautiful scenery, and the people who are going through a "cure" at Marienbad go over to Carlsbad for half-a-day to get away from their doctor's watchful eye and to eat and drink things absolutely forbidden to them, while the Carlsbad people use Marienbad for the same purposes of revolt. It is a point of honour to declare that the place at which you are going through your "cure" has the best waters and the best air in Austria, and as a proof of this you point out that a day spent at any other place, beautiful as that place may be, has made you quite ill, forgetting to add that you drank beer and ate raw fruit and sweets while on your day's holiday, which you would never have dared to do when your doctor might at any moment have come round the corner and have caught you in the act.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

The latest Portrait, taken in American waters, by Lazarnick, of New York.

places have a most unfair advantage over their patients, for the latter generally eat their meals in the open air, and Dr. London and Dr. Krauss, passing Pupp's verandah, always cast their eye over the tables, and woe betide the man they have seen eating forbidden delicacies if he goes to either of them and complains next day of a swimming in the head, and thinks that the waters are disagreeing with him.

When I go to Bohemia to have my liver gently dosed into acting as it should act, and to do penance for too many too good London dinners, I always make my "cure" at Carlsbad, and it would be traitorous, therefore, to exalt Marienbad at Carlsbad's expense; but fond as I am of the latter town, I must confess that the scenery of Marienbad is the more beautiful of the two. It is situated where a score of little streams come tumbling down a forest-covered range of hills and flow down a valley to a plateau which is itself some two thousand feet above the sea. The air is mountain-air, and the evenings towards the end of August are often very cold. The Austrians and the Germans and the French, who are not tied to their capitals by a Season which extends over the Dog-days, go to Marienbad and Carlsbad in June and July, when the evenings are warm and the weather is generally fine; but the fashionable English, who cannot spare time to think of their ailments until the Cowes Week is over, have to put up with second-best weather when they go to mountain resorts for their "cures." The landlords of Marienbad are the monks of Tepl, an old town with a big monastery outside it which lies near the

railway, half-way between Carlsbad and her rival, and there is a curious mixture of religion and sound commercial sense in the management of the place.

If a new dancing- or concert-room is built, the name of the Abbot under which this good work was done is recorded on it in a prominent place, with suitable remarks in Latin as to the worthy father's piety. The monks at the monastery are benefactors to the whole countryside, and have beautified their retreat, I am told, with some splendid works of art, and the peasants get cheap bread and the brothers have the pleasure of looking at some fine old Masters because the waters, discovered in some miraculous manner many years ago by an especially saintly brother, have been found to take the too, too solid flesh off *bon vivants* quicker than any other waters in the world, and they also restore an interest in life with great rapidity to anyone suffering from a sluggish liver.

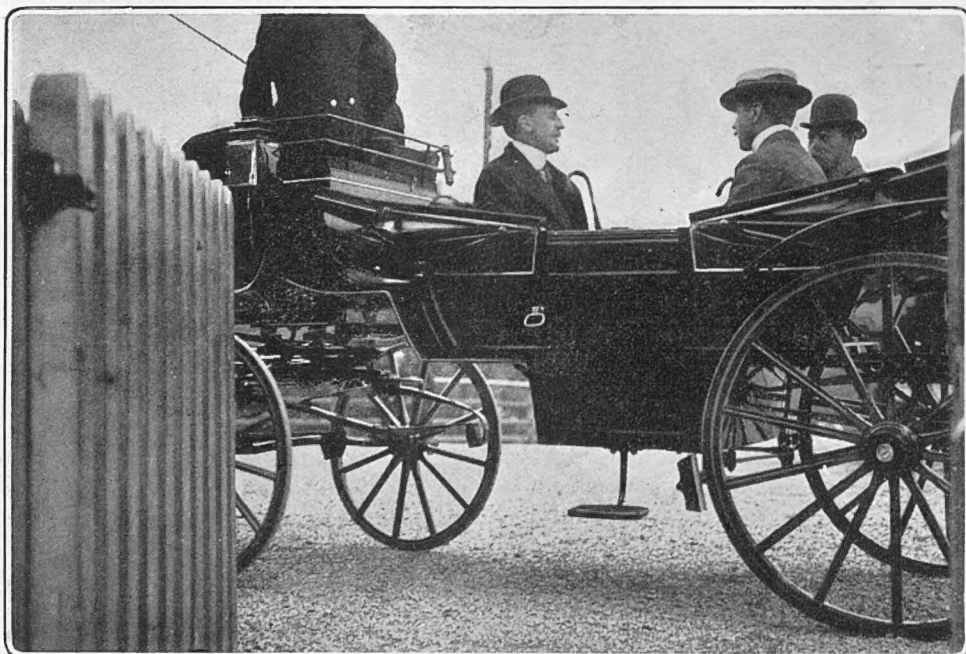
The "cure" is a rather severe one, and it is the consoling fact that everybody else is going through it that encourages the faint-hearted to persevere. Early hours are the rule at all the Austrian watering-places, and, though an excellent band is playing dance-music divinely, it is difficult to be cheery at a quarter to six on a chilly morning, when the mist hangs about the pines on the hillside, and when, instead of an early breakfast, the early riser is told to satisfy himself with three or more long glasses of tepid or hot water which tastes as though it had come out of a not over-clean kettle. Then comes a walk, and the "Goose Walk" of Marienbad has made the fortune of more than one Austrian caricaturist.

The very fat men and the very fat ladies who cannot get far afield take their morning exercise in the big arcade near the Kreuzbrunnen. They do not walk—they waddle, and they generally follow each other in single file, looking like fatted Strasburg geese. The German and Austrian fat man seems to run, as a rule, to eccentricities of costume, and some of the fattest wear very small hats and very short coats.

The breakfast which follows the walk is eaten in some delightful little sylvan restaurant amidst the pines, or at Egerlând, on a spur overlooking the plain, a great café where all the waitresses wear a picturesque national costume. Tea or coffee without milk, two eggs, and some rusks are all the food that is allowed for breakfast, with a slice or two of lean ham if one appeals to the doctor's better feelings, and most men, directly breakfast is over, begin to long for lunch. A bath of the purple peat has to be taken, as a rule, between the meals, and the patient lies in the warm, thick mud in perfect content until the attendant rouses him from pleasant dreams and scrubs him vigorously with a hard brush. Lunch of trout, partridges, and a *compote*, with a half-pint of wine or a little whisky-and-water, a long afternoon spent walking over the hill-paths, a glass of hot milk at some little café, a light supper, a concert at the Kursaal or a performance at the theatre, and to bed dog-tired at ten o'clock—that is life as it is lived at Marienbad.

#### MR. DUDLEY HARDY.

Sketch readers will be glad to hear that the operation for appendicitis performed upon Mr. Dudley Hardy at Ambletuse last week was completely successful.



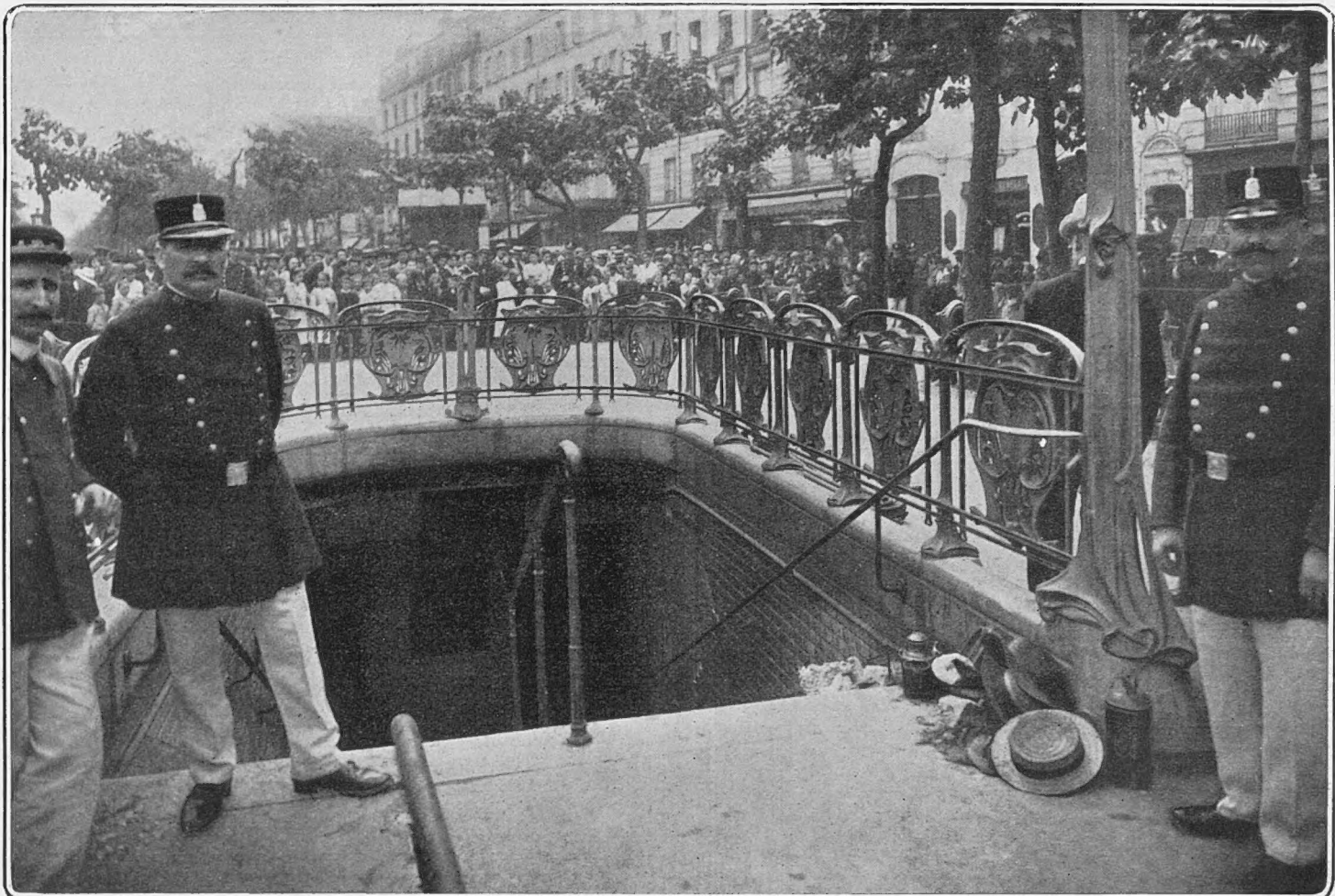
THE GROUSE SEASON: THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVING AT BOLTON ABBEY ON A VISIT TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Photograph by Shaw, Batley, Yorks.

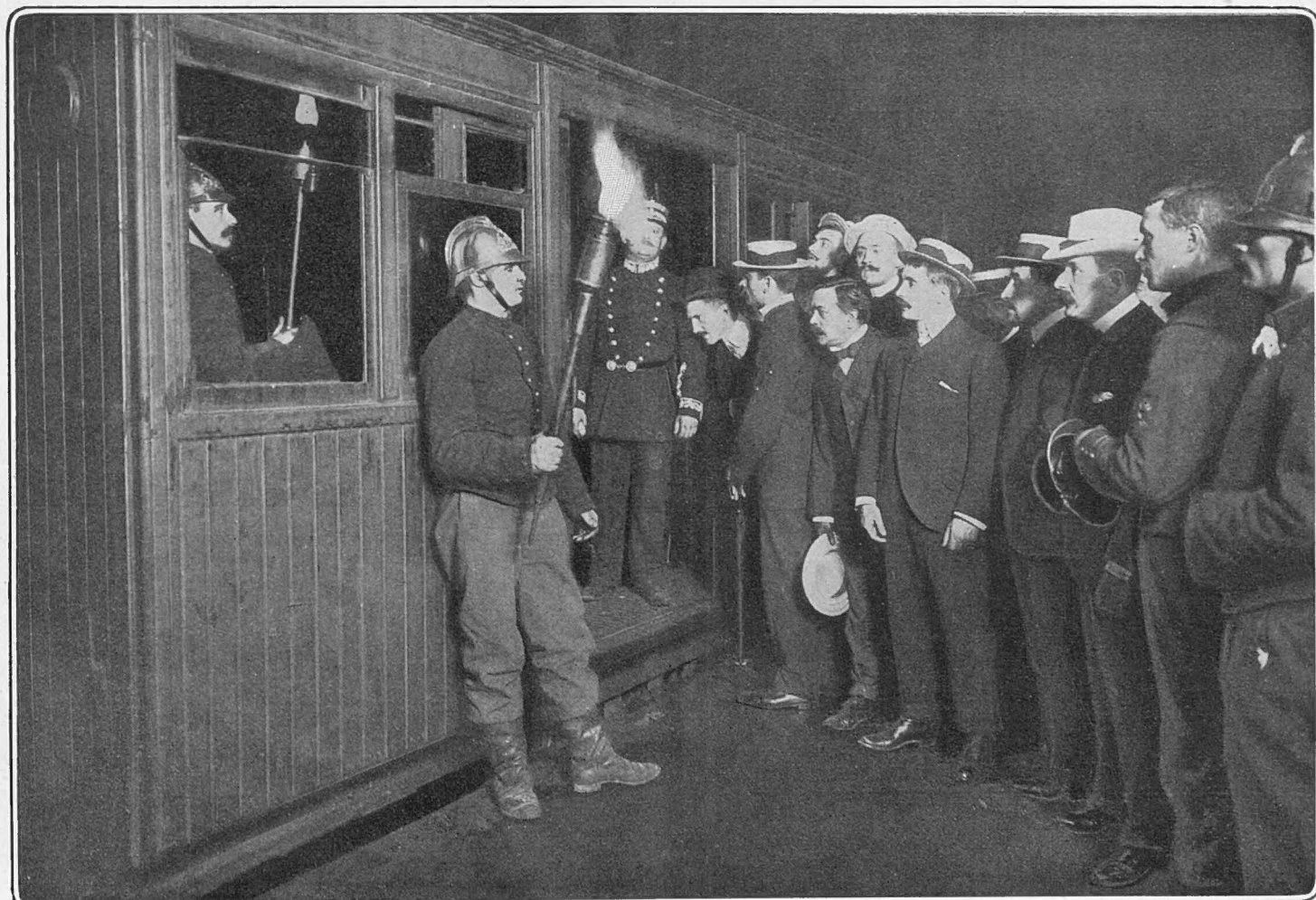


THE TERRIBLE "TUBE" DISASTER IN PARIS (Aug. 10).

(SEE PAGE 156.)



THE ENTRANCE TO THE STATION DES COURONNES: THE CROWD WAITING TO SEE THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE.



FIREMEN INSPECTING THE TRAIN AT THE STATION DES COURONNES IN WHICH SEVERAL DEAD BODIES WERE FOUND. IT WAS THE PASSENGERS FROM THIS TRAIN WHO FIRST BECAME PANIC-STRICKEN AND BLOCKED UP THE EXITS.



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Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest  
possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely  
to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

Preliminary letters are not desired.

No use will be made of circular matter.

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All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

MARIENBAD, and not, as was at one time thought, Homburg, is having the honour of our Sovereign's "cure." The pretty, simple little Bohemian Spa is a far more restful place than the gayer German "Bad," and, it may be hinted, the "cure" is followed much more strictly. His Majesty is again under the care of the noted Austrian physician, Dr. Ott, and doubtless the Sovereign will benefit as greatly as was the case on the

occasion of his last visit to Marienbad. The "cure" which the King is now undergoing consists in a great measure in avoiding such articles of diet as butter, fat of any kind, cream, rich meats, and sweets. Each patient practises the virtuous precept of getting up and going to bed early. The very bitter waters are taken each morning as a matter of course, but, according to the wiseacres, the real "cure" consists in the very careful and intelligent dieting. Everything is done to compel the patient to follow his doctor's orders. The hotel menus, for instance, are carefully composed with this end in view, high thinking and plain living being forced on the most reluctant sybarites. The Hôtel Weimar, where His Majesty is staying, is beautifully situated on a hill, and is close to the house where, according to tradition, Goethe went through the "cure" with excellent results.

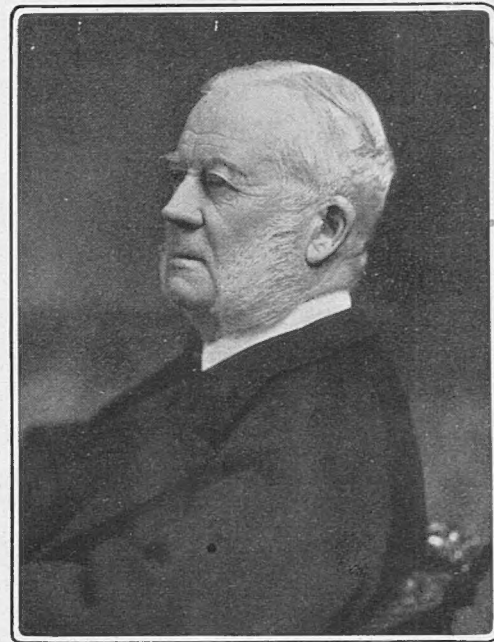
"Prince Alexander Edward."

It is rather curious that their Majesties' eighth grandchild should be the only one to be known by the two names which recall so pleasantly his illustrious grandparents. The Royal baby's christening was a very quiet function, but graced by a distinguished company, and it augurs well for the little Prince's future that he was born in the loyal county of Norfolk, where King Edward and Queen Alexandra have now lived so long. The day may come when Appleton House will be regarded with awe as the birthplace of a King, for Prince Alexander Edward is in the direct line of succession to the Danish throne, and at the present time very few lives stand between the Anglo-Danish infant Prince and the venerable Christian IX.

A Ducal Host.

The venerable Duke of Richmond, who is the Prince of Wales's host at Gordon Castle, is in some ways the most remarkable wearer of the strawberry-leaves left to us. He has had a long and arduous public career, begun in the

Army—he was one of the great Duke of Wellington's favourite A.D.C.'s—and ended, in the late 'eighties, as Secretary for Scotland. The Duke celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday last February, but he is as hale and hearty as ever, and delights in nothing more than gathering round him at Gordon Castle a large party of descendants and friends. The famous sporting estate is noted for its fishing as well as for its shooting and stalking amenities, and the Prince of Wales generally pays his parents' old friend a sporting visit there each autumn. The Duke of Richmond is fortunate in his son and heir, Lord March, as also in the latter's good-looking son, Lord Settrington, the birth of whose baby boy was celebrated in true Highland fashion at Gordon Castle and not less enthusiastically at Goodwood. The Gordon-Lennox family are doubly connected with Royalty, the Duke's sister being Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

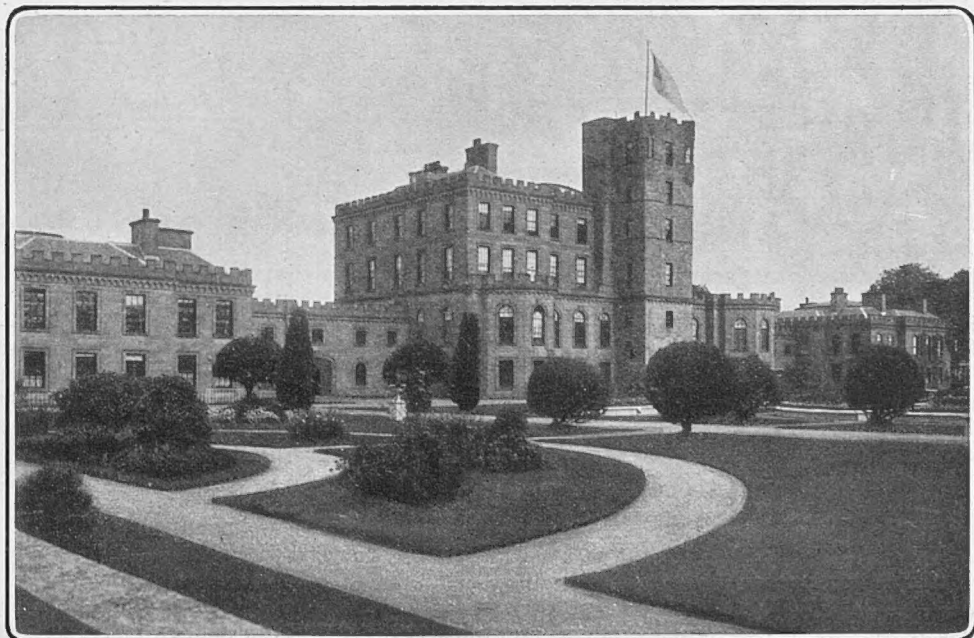
Gordon Castle is one of those huge, hospitable Scottish strongholds which can, on occasion, accommodate hundreds of strangers within their gates.

When there, the Duke of Richmond and his stalwart sons and grandsons, carry on the great traditions of their Gordon ancestors, and everything is done in splendid old-world fashion. The Spey, which runs its limpid course through the Castle grounds, contains some of the best salmon-fishing in the kingdom, and, when staying at Gordon Castle, the Prince of Wales, who is, as most people know, an enthusiastic fisherman, spends hours on the banks of the river.

The hostess of Gordon Castle is Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, the Duke of Richmond's daughter, but she is helped in doing the honours of her Highland home by a charming group of sisters-in-law and nieces, including Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lady Settrington, Lady Evelyn Cotterell, Lady Violet Brassey, and Lady Walter Gordon-Lennox. They are one and all keen fisherwomen and have made record catches on the Gordon Castle stretches of the Spey.

"The Twelfth." The "Feast of St. Grouse," as Aug. 12 is called by sporting

humourists, was not so heartily celebrated this year as usual, owing to the extraordinary downfalls of rain which we have had during the summer. The cold, wet weather always brings grouse-disease in its train, and many of the moors will have to be left alone for the present until the late broods are fit to be shot. Wet weather is always a great misfortune to the moorlands, for, in spite of the nonsense which has been spoken by ignorant persons on the subject, the grouse and the deer have brought comfort and ease to many a home which would otherwise have dragged on an existence of the direst poverty. The advent of the sportsman brings hundreds of thousands of pounds annually into Scotland and pours a veritable flood of gold on barren lands which would otherwise not be able to support even a tithe of those who now live in comparative affluence. Nothing worse could happen to the moorland country than a continuance of such miserable wet weather as we have experienced this year.



GORDON CASTLE, FOCHABERS, BANFFSHIRE, THE SCOTTISH SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

Photograph by Valentine.

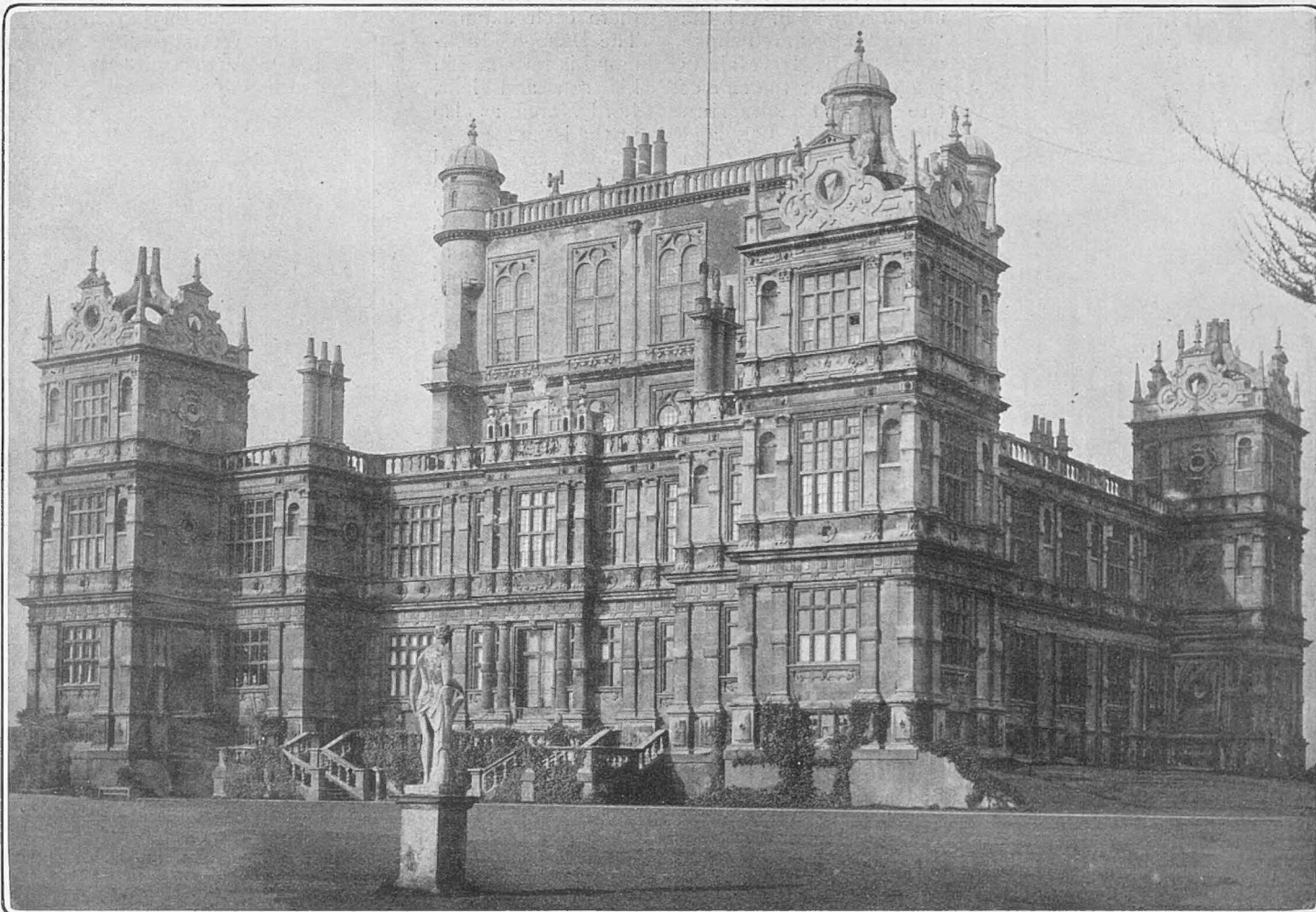


*Wollaton Hall.* Nottinghamshire, the home of the celebrated "Dukeries," holds within its broad acres many grand and historic houses, but, of the many, there is none which can compare with Wollaton Hall both for majestic appearance and beauty in design. Built in the latter part of the sixteenth century, it was designed by John Thorpe, of Padua, the greatest architect of his day, and this he considered to be his crowning work. The Hall was not built on the exact site of the old one, which had been in existence for many centuries, but is situated on an eminence some half-a-mile from the village and is a landmark for miles around. The niches which appear on the façade of the house were intended to hold statuettes, but the ship bearing these from Italy was lost at sea. The feature of the interior is the magnificent hall, with its "Minstrels' Gallery" and valuable paintings by Rubens and other celebrated artists. The staircases, both north and south, have been altered since they were first erected, but the ceilings above are very beautiful, having been painted by Verrio. The kitchens and cellars are notable, being tunnelled for long distances beneath the house and terrace.

Lower House who was a member of Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet of 1874, and he is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, whose energies show no signs of diminution. But there are six Peers still surviving, all of whom, however, with the exception of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, entered the Cabinet as members of the House of Commons. Lord Salisbury's fifty years of Parliament have been years of great achievement, and during that period he has held office as Prime Minister for a longer time than any Minister of recent years.

*A Really  
Interesting  
Engagement.*

The engagement of Lady Constance Mackenzie, the sister of Lady Cromartie, to Captain FitzGerald, of the 11th Hussars, has aroused the greatest interest in Scottish Society. The bride-elect is a remarkably clever and original girl; a champion swimmer (she has more than once carried off the Swimming Shield of the Bath Club), a clever shot, a first-rate fisherwoman—in a word, a modern Diana—Lady Constance is never seen to such advantage as in her native Highlands. It is probable that the marriage will take place, as did that of her



WOLLATON HALL, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, THE SEAT OF LORD MIDDLETON, CONSIDERED TO BE THE FINEST SPECIMEN OF ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

In the centre of these there is a beautiful spring of water which supplies the house.

The builder of this house, Sir Francis Willoughby, was a son of Henry Willoughby, who married Lady Anne Grey, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, and sister to the Duke of Suffolk whose child was the ill-fated Queen of England. It was with the accumulations of his income during his minority that he built this larger Hall and one better suited to his estate than the old one. Queen Elizabeth visited the old Hall on July 21, 1575, and, later on, Queen Adelaide visited the new Hall. On the front of the house the following inscription appears in Latin: "See this house of Francis Willoughby, built with rare art and left for the Willoughbys. Begun in 1580. Completed in 1588." According to a noted historian, "the dedication of the place to future Willoughbys was based on a just belief in the merits and high character of that great and good family of which the present Lord Middleton, owner of Wollaton, is the head."

*Fifty Years of  
Parliament.*

On Saturday it will be exactly fifty years ago that Lord Salisbury first entered Parliament as the Member for Stamford. Lord Robert Cecil, as he then was, was returned to the House of Commons on Aug. 22, 1853, and remained there until the death of his father, and the greater part of the fifty years of Parliament has been spent in the House of Lords. There is only one member of the House of Commons still in the

sister, in London, from Stafford House. Lady Constance Mackenzie is a niece of the Duke of Sutherland, and at one time she and her cousins, Lady Castlereagh and Miss Chaplin, were always chaperoned by the Duchess of Sutherland, who gave many brilliant dances for her pretty quartette of nieces.

*Stonehenge.*

Sir Edmund Antrobus has written to the Chairman of the Wiltshire County Council offering to sell Stonehenge to the nation for fifty thousand pounds, free of all expenses, this to include Stonehenge with an area not exceeding eight acres. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has, with the approval of the Council, sent a copy of the letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and there the matter remains for the present. The trouble about Stonehenge has arisen entirely of recent years, and is caused by the great number of excursionists who have taken to going out to look at "the stones." A quarter of a century ago, hardly a soul ever went near the place, only a few visitors to the neighbouring country-houses taking the trouble to go there. But during the last few years Stonehenge has swarmed with tourists, and it is safe to say that the aspect of the ancient ruin on the downs has altered more in the last quarter of a century than it had in the previous two thousand years. To the old frequenter of the downs, Salisbury Plain is now hopelessly ruined by the camps, and the best thing that can happen to Stonehenge is for it to be bought by the nation and enclosed in a ring-fence, for its old wild character has gone for ever.

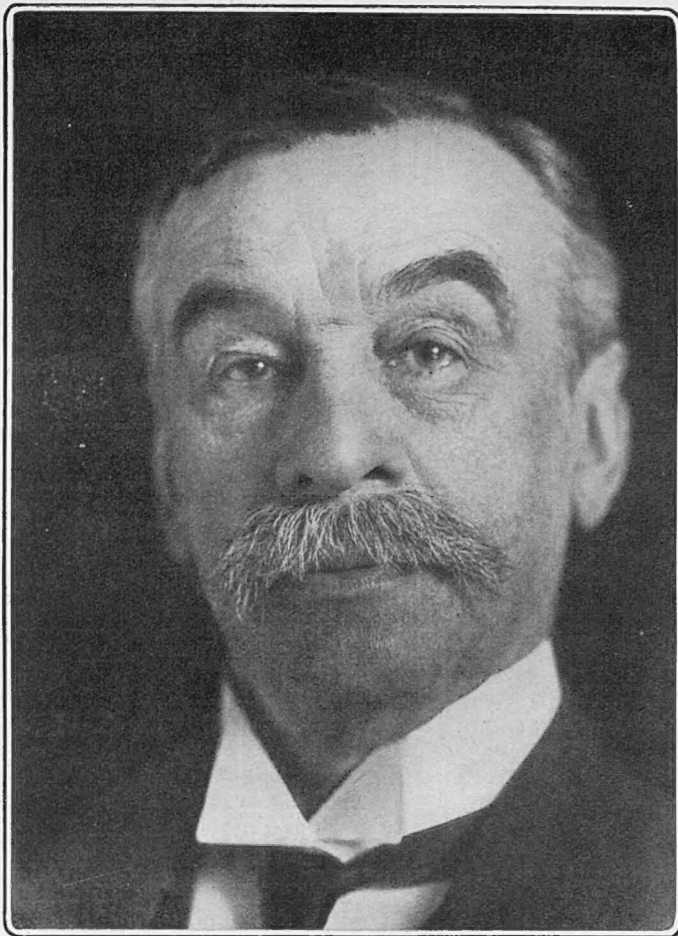


*A Scottish  
Chancellor of the  
Exchequer.*

Mr. Ritchie, the clever, capable politician who, curiously enough, is the first Scotsman to hold the great position of Chancellor of the Exchequer for many a long day, will live in history as having been among the first to throw the great weight of his influence against Mr. Chamberlain's Protection scheme. He has had a long Ministerial record, and was Home Secretary at the time of Queen Victoria's lamented death, thus being closely associated with all the most impressive events of the new reign. His views on Protection are the more interesting owing to the fact that he was a man of business, and a particularly successful one, before he entered the Cabinet. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie have a delightful house in that most stately of short thoroughfares, Grafton Street. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a collector of curios and of works of art; he is a great reader, and is said to be the leading authority in the House of Commons concerning first editions. One of his places of refuge is the library of the Athenæum Club.

*A Versatile R.A.*

Mr. George Frampton, one of the most popular of sculptor Academicians, is a very versatile artist, for he seems equally happy whether dealing with marble, ivory, silver, or gold. He is certainly also one of the few British artists whose work is regarded with respect and envy on the Continent; that being so, it is hardly necessary to say that he thoroughly disbelieves in the present love of specialisation. He would have every artist seek, above all things, to express in his work his own varied individuality. In his delightful studio, which is situated, as is that of so many of his fellow artists, in St. John's Wood, it is easy to see that he practises what he teaches. He has long been an enthusiastic supporter of the Arts and Crafts, but it is hardly necessary to say that much of his work is on a



THE RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE, P.C., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

very large and impressive scale, one of his great successes from a popular point of view being a colossal figure of Queen Victoria which now stands at Calcutta, being the Indian national memorial of our late Sovereign.

*The Sculptor of  
Brave Men.*

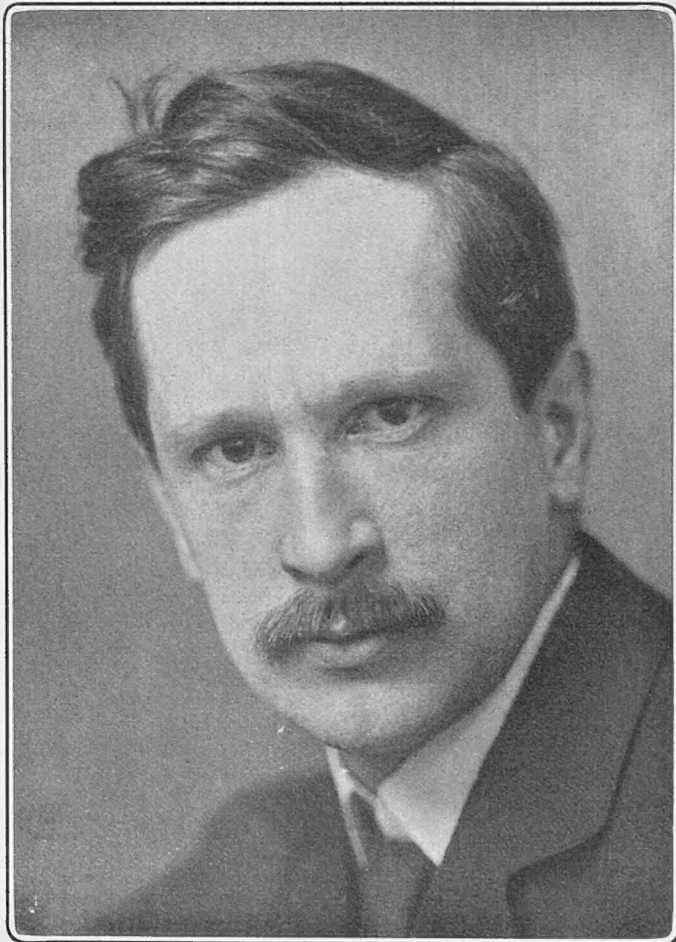
Mr. John Tweed, the brilliant young sculptor who is forging so fast his way into wide fame, has become in a quite curious sense the sculptor of brave men; this partly, no doubt, because his work early attracted the attention of the late Cecil Rhodes, who gave him a great many valuable commissions, including that of the artist's *magnum opus*, the Matabele Memorial, which perpetuates the last stand made by Major Wilson and the small group of devoted followers who were with him when the final fight took place. Mr. Tweed has a charming and picturesque house and studio in Cheyne Row; he is a very hard worker, and, though his fame rests up to the present time on his masculine presentments—particularly remarkable being the many studies he has done of Mr. Rhodes—he is very successful when in softer mood.

*A French  
Compliment to the  
King.*

The Jockey Club of Paris is paying a graceful compliment to His Majesty the King. When King Edward was in Paris, he expressed his delight at the tasteful manner in which the Stands had been decorated with roses, orchids, and carnations. These floral decorations had cost the Jockey Club four hundred pounds, and they are now building conservatories at Longchamp, so as to grow their own flowers and, with some economy, keep the Grand Stands perpetually pretty, "in case," as one of the Committee smilingly said, "His Majesty should pay an unexpected visit to the races early next season."



MR. GEORGE J. FRAMPTON, R.A.



MR. JOHN TWEED.

TWO CLEVER SCULPTORS.

*Photographs by Beresford.*



*The Late Session.* Nobody was suspended during the late Session of Parliament. It was one of the most orderly Sessions of the last quarter of a century. The Nationalists were kept on their best behaviour by the Land Bill which has added so much to



"HAMLET": A POSTHUMOUS "STUDY" BY PHIL MAY.

the reputations of Mr. George Wyndham and Mr. John Redmond. There were some very interesting developments, but these sprang chiefly from the revolt of a section of Unionists against Mr. Brodrick's Army schemes and of a much larger section against the fiscal projects of Mr. Chamberlain.

*Parliamentary Reputations.* No new reputation was made on the Liberal side during the Session, nor were old reputations on the front Opposition bench greatly altered. The Unionist benches, however, produced fresh proofs of ability. Mr. Beckett surprised the House by his powers as a debater, and several young men, such as Mr. Ivor Guest, gave promise of future Parliamentary distinction. At the same time, Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill have kept in the forefront. Since the early days of Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain no more audacious fighters have appeared on either side of the House.

*A Social Leader.* The handsome present given to Mr. Pike, the retiring Postmaster, at the House of Commons last week, was organised chiefly by Colonel Lockwood. The Colonel is a sort of social leader in the House. He is Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, and watches over the comforts and customs of Members. His button-hole bouquet is usually the finest and brightest at St. Stephen's. He is a good Party man, but is as popular on the one side as on the other.

*Motor-Car Bill.* This Bill has been altered at every stage. For instance, when it came down to the House of Commons, Mr. Walter Long announced that every licensed driver would have to pass a test of efficiency, but the amendment to that effect was negatived. On the other hand, the House fixed a limit of speed at twenty miles an hour. Beyond this speed no person shall "under any circumstances drive a motor-car on a public highway," and in certain places the speed may be limited by the Local Government Board to ten miles. Moreover, there are heavy penalties for reckless driving, irrespective of speed. By one of the latest amendments carried in the House, the age below which no one can be licensed has been raised from sixteen to seventeen years.

*Canada and the Coldstream Band.* The visit of Mr. J. Mackenzie Rogan's famous band to Toronto, by permission of His Majesty, will be a notable event from many points of view. For one thing, it will be the first occasion on which His Majesty's Guards have visited Canada since the Trent affair, when battalions of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards were stationed for a time at Montreal and Quebec. For another, it is only the second time that a British Guards band has played on the American continent, the other occasion being when the late Dan Godfrey took the Grenadier band to the United States. That, however, was almost in the nature of a failure, since the Grenadiers found that they were to some extent in the hands of a body of speculators.

The Coldstream will be the first of the Guards bands to play in Canada, and it is something of a coincidence that the Governor-General's Foot Guards—the only Canadian Infantry Guard regiment, and that a Militia one—have since their formation worn as uniform almost an exact counterpart of that of the Coldstream Guards. Canada has many good military bands, some of them trained by one-time band-masters of the British Army, but the playing of Mr. Rogan's musicians will doubtless be in the nature of a revelation.

On the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth, the band of a battalion of the Highland Light Infantry went with the Imperial troops sent to take part in it, and one of the Royal Marine bands accompanied the then Duke and Duchess of York on their tour in the *Ophir*, but never before has a body of musicians representing His Majesty's Guards visited one of our oversea Colonies. In old days, the Grenadiers, as a three-battalion regiment, had a score or more musicians than the Coldstream and Scots Guards, but since the latter regiments have had a third battalion added their bands have been brought up to a like strength of sixty-six performers. Mr. Rogan has selected forty-five from among his merry men, and he and his band sail at the end of this month, returning about the middle of October.



"PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW."

A POSTHUMOUS DRAWING BY PHIL MAY, SHOWING MR. CHAMBERLAIN AS ROMEO AND MR. GLADSTONE AS JULIET.



*The King at Vienna.*

The Hofburg has welcomed many illustrious guests, but none who received a heartier welcome from the Viennese and their venerable Emperor than will our own popular Sovereign. Vienna is rich in splendid palaces, but the finest of them all is the curious group of buildings known as the Hofburg. There, in the stronghold of the Hapsburgs, Francis Joseph leads a life austere in its simplicity, and the great State-rooms are thrown open only on such occasions as formal Court functions or when a Royal visit such as that which is about to take place brings to Vienna one of the Emperor's brother Sovereigns. Schönbrunn, where King Edward will almost certainly be also entertained during his State visit to the Austrian Capital, is the Versailles of Vienna. The delightful old-world palace is full of touching souvenirs of Marie Antoinette and of her many brothers and sisters. The late Empress of Austria was very fond of the place and often entertained there her more intimate friends.

*An Ingenious Talking-Machine.*

A talking-machine that has created no little sensation is that just produced by Dr. R. Marage, a well-known member of the French Academy of Medicine. It is an interesting device which reproduces with perfect accuracy the sounds of the human voice, not, as in the case of the phonograph, by merely repeating words spoken by a person, but by a process which is purely mechanical from start to finish and in which no word is spoken by any human being. The sounds are produced by a system of vibration. Attached to the machine are a series of plaster heads, five in all, representing the five vowels, *a, e, i, o, u*. They

are each a perfect model of a person's mouth, fitted with pliable lips and perfect teeth. Air-currents, set in motion by the machine, are made to pass through the dummy mouths, which are fitted with sirens.

Through his invention, Dr. Marage has discovered that the steam-sirens used on board ships can be so constructed as to imitate certain sounds. Thus, different phonetic syllables may be obtained which could be used to form an international alphabet. By an ingenious contrivance attached to this wonderful instrument, it is possible to see reflected in a tiny mirror the vocal chords of a singer. By the same device one can also trace their action, and see how, as the note gets higher, the aperture between



MISS BEATRICE BECKLEY,  
NOW PLAYING KATHERINE IN "IF I WERE KING,"  
ON TOUR.

*Photograph by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.*

them becomes less and less, until when the top note is reached it is almost closed. As the force of air-current expelled becomes stronger the opening decreases in size. It increases as the force becomes less. The smaller the aperture, the greater the vibration. This is how human beings get their singing voices. "There is no mystery about it," declares Dr. Marage. "It is a purely mechanical process, based on known laws of higher mechanics."

*"The French Coves."*

The burning of the Trouville Casino must have given a pang to many a British yachtsman, for "the French Coves" is a favourite resort of those who spend the summer yachting in the Channel. What Ostend was in its palmy gambling days, that Trouville is now, thanks greatly to its golf-links, polo-ground, and racecourse. Even during the Second Empire the pretty little seaside town had a great reputation for gaiety. "Ouida" placed there one of her best novels, and Trouville was also the background chosen by novelists differing as widely as Guy de Maupassant and Mr. Anstey Guthrie. To Americans, the place recalls their Newport, and accordingly quite a number of well-known Transatlantic millionaires were ready to help put out the fire, which, starting in the gambling-room of the Casino, threatened to make so great a difference to the present season at Trouville.

*To the Links, to the Moors, to the Sea!*

Indications of the greatly differing natures of our statesmen are their several ways of enjoying their summer holidays. The Premier is to spend the earlier half of September at Berwick, famed for its superb golf-links. Mr. Chamberlain, perhaps wiser than most men, believes in taking a



MR. BERT A. WILLIAMS.



MR. GEORGE W. WALKER.

THE NEGRO COMEDIANS PLAYING AT THE SHAFTESBURY IN "IN DAHOMEY."

*Photographs by Gale and Polden, Aldershot.*

holiday at home. Foreign "Bad," sporting estates, and floating palaces do not attract him in the least. He prefers the comforts of his own charming house and lovely gardens near Birmingham. Lord Dudley and a party of his friends have taken a Scottish place noted for its first-rate fishing. Mr. St. John Brodrick works even during play-time, and so attends the Summer Manœuvres by way of recreation. Curiously few of our leading politicians are following the King's example and going abroad, but two faithful *habitués* of the Continent are Mr. Henry Labouchere and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The Irish Members remain very faithful to Ireland, though occasionally the summer recess gives an ardent Home Ruler the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the American-Irish world.



MISS VIOLET RETTE IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S," AT THE APOLLO.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*



## SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

## PARIS.

By the time these lines are in print, Doctor Charcot and his comrades will have started on their expedition to the Southern Pole on board the *Français*, which, as I write, is in the port of Havre getting ready for its perilous adventure. The expedition is a scientific one, and has been organised by our contemporaries *Le Matin* and *Le Français*. It has another object besides science, and will attempt to rescue Nordenskjöld, the Swede, who has been lost in Southern latitudes, presumably somewhere near Graham's Land. With Doctor Charcot are Messrs. Bonnier and Perez, who are well known as a zoologist and a geologist, and Doctor Charcot himself is bent on studying the bacteriology of the Pole. The young doctor, a son of the great hypnotist and a specialist in medical hypnotism himself, is the brother-in-law of Victor Hugo's grandson, and in his company spent some weeks on the Isle of Jan Mayen, off the east coast of Greenland, last July. On this cruise he met the Kaiser and was entertained on board the Imperial yacht. The *Français* will go South by way of Madeira, Buenos Ayres, and Punta Arenas, where they will take coal on board, the material for a winter hut, and the last letters they may hope to receive before their real journey starts. They expect to be away for two years at the least. Good luck go with them!

Too much, perhaps, has already been said and written about the terrific accident upon the Paris Métropolitain, but I feel it my duty to record the devoted bravery on this sad occasion of one or two working-men who had escaped death themselves. One in particular, Henri Prache, an automobile chauffeur, dashed back three times into the stifling smoke in Couronnes Station, and twice came out again with a fainting woman on each arm. The third time he was overpowered by the smoke and brought out by a fireman, but immediately he recovered he made a desperate attempt to get into the death-trap again and had to be kept out of it by force. Pathetic incidents were, I need hardly say, innumerable. Perhaps the most pathetic was the arrival of a stalwart fireman with tears pouring down his blackened face. The corpses he was carrying were friends of his, he said. They were those of a man with a ten-year-old daughter in his arms, and in the child's arms, clasped tightly to her, was a blackened doll.

I am beginning to believe that Madame Humbert will get off extremely lightly, and that the scapegoats will be her husband, Frédéric Humbert, and her brother Romain. Frédéric is proving himself by no means the nonentity he was supposed to be before the trial, and has already made one speech "ag'in the Government." Thérèse, upon the other hand, with her wild talk of "secrets in my life," "Crawfords who are not Crawfords," and such matters, would seem to be preparing us for a plea of insanity.

## ROME.

Pope Pius X. is but a second edition of Pope Pius IX. This striking similarity has arrested the attention of many ever since the new Pope gave his first public blessing on the day of the Papal election. He is of fair size, round-faced, stolid-looking, evidently a man with a will of his own, has a somewhat florid complexion, and during the whole of the ceremony of the coronation moved not a muscle of his countenance. He hates display in churches; he likes the services to be conducted with all the proper amount of reverence and attention to ritual, but he dislikes unnecessary pomp and noise. It was very interesting to note his behaviour on entering the basilica of St. Peter's on the morning of the Sunday previous to the coronation ceremony. In the time of Leo XIII. the general public had been almost, as it were, trained to burst forth with shouts of "Evviva il Papa!" and "Evviva il Papa Re!" on the appearance of the Pope. This outburst of cheering and tumultuous clapping of hands always seemed to rejoice the heart of the late Pope, who, on hearing it, would feebly

raise himself with the help of his hands, which clutched with nervous grasp the arms of his "sedia gestatoria," and hold his thin, gaunt hand high above the mob beneath and thus bestow upon them his blessing. It was always an inspiring sight to witness. The evident effort required for this act, the keen light of joy which lit up Pope Leo's eyes, the trembling motion of the tired, aged frame, the perceptible relish of this kingly tribute to him, the Pope and Sovereign—all this struck the onlooker with great force.

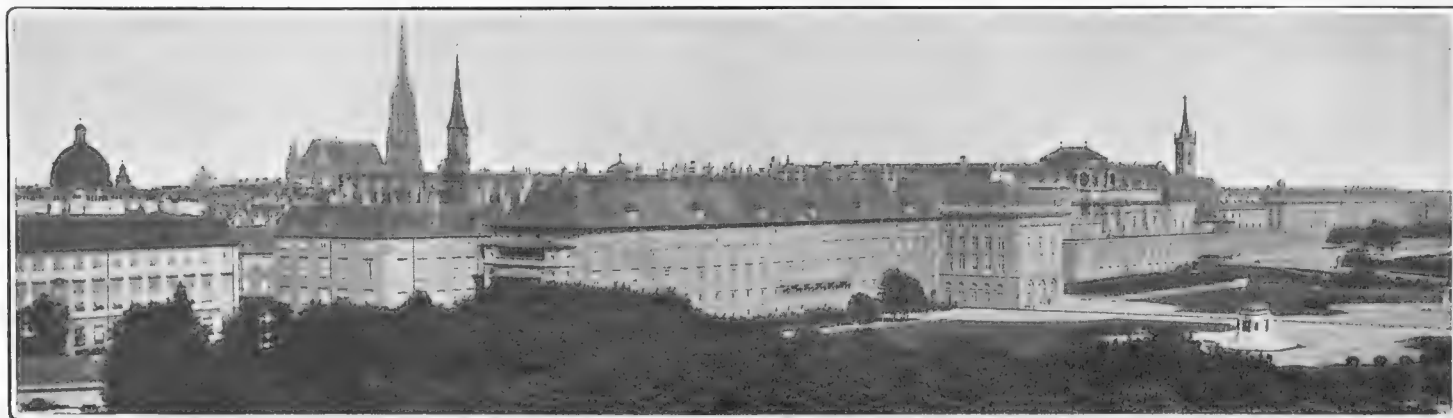
As Pope Pius X. entered the basilica on the coronation morning, his face showed most distinctly a feeling of horror at the noise of the immense congregation; he visibly shrank back from the clamour; he spread out his hands as if to beg the people there assembled to remember where they were. Before the service began, numbers of leaflets were spread broadcast among the congregation, begging them to behave decorously and abstain from acclamations of every kind; notices to the same effect were posted on all the pillars of the church. To the credit of the congregation, be it said that, with the exception of one or two outbursts of real enthusiasm, they acceded to the request.

The new Pope is in every way a natural man. He is dignified without being stiff; he converses freely, and yet maintains a reserve suiting his position. He addresses all as if really honestly glad to speak with them, and not officially and distantly. Whenever possible, he says a few words to each individual member of a pilgrimage. He speaks, as a rule, in Italian, but sometimes, too, in Latin, over which he has a great mastery. Indeed, it is said that some of the foreign Cardinals were distinctly at a loss to know how to answer His Holiness adequately in the same language.



Dr. Marage.

AN INGENUOUS TALKING-MACHINE INVENTED BY DR. R. MARAGE, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF MEDICINE. (SEE PAGE 155.)



VISIT OF KING EDWARD VII. TO VIENNA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOFBURG.

(SEE PAGE 155.)



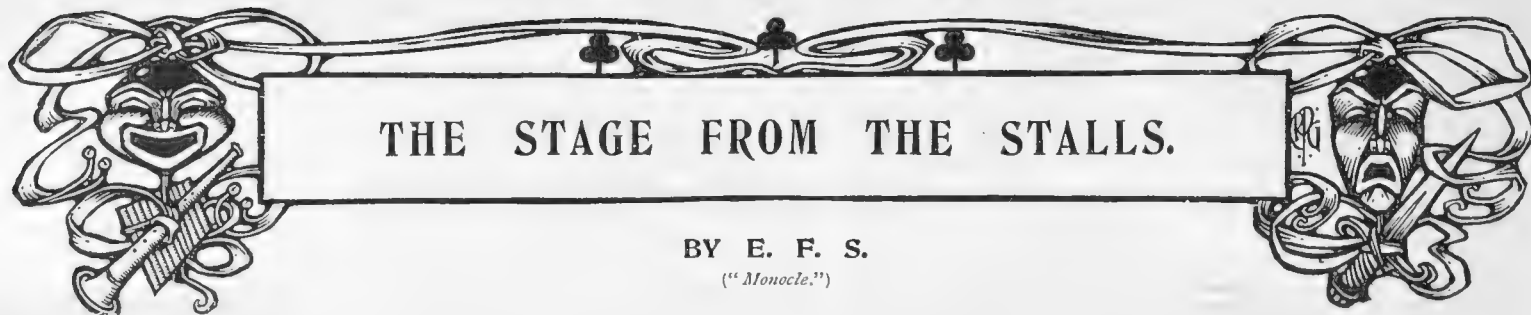
LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY GUNNING KING.



XII.—"THE OLDEST INHABITANT."





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"IS ACTING AN ART?"—"MELO-FARCE."

THERE has been an energetic discussion concerning the question whether acting is an art. Since the disputants took different views about the meaning of the word "art," it is not surprising that there was sharp difference of opinion. Of course, if "art" is used in relation to the term "science," it is possible to give to it a fairly definite meaning, and, indeed, one may talk, without fear of reproach by purists, of the science and art of acting as, in truth, of the science and art of making gooseberry-jam. However, most of the people who wrote quaint letters to the halfpenny morning paper under the head "Is Acting an Art?" did not take this logical view, and seemed to think that the question was whether acting is a fine art, or a creative art, or a lost art; or a decaying art, or a trivial art, or a foolish art, and so on. The letters were amusing, but the discussion went round in a vicious circle, like a gin-horse or a guard on the Underground Railway. Some bravely asserted that it is a creative art, and one might imagine that "Hamlet" ought to be announced as by Shakspeare and Mr. X.—the latter being the representative of the Prince of Denmark. The idea involves difficulties, because the lesser parts also are presumably "created," and so there seem to be rather too many cooks in the matter for safety.

Perhaps the key to the question how far acting is a creative art is suggested by "Hamlet," and the well-known remark that no one ever quite failed in the part of Hamlet, which, though painfully untruthful as a statement, suggests a truth. It leads to the proposition that the greater the part, the smaller the scope for the player, which sounds like an empty phrase till re-stated as "the less the creative force of a part, the greater the scope for the player as a creator." It is this fact, however, which, unfortunately, causes players to revel in poor plays. There is little room for the creative power of the actor in "Hamlet": plenty in "The Lady of Lyons"—I am anxious to touch on nothing current in these remarks. It is a real triumph to render Claude Melnotte interesting, whilst comparatively easy to hold the house as Othello: One may almost say, the greater the actor, the lesser the Macbeth: not quite, of course; and, indeed, here the question of art peeps in sideways, for the actor of much creative power, or, to use another pertinent term, "of much originality," has not always the artistic sense to subdue himself. The amazing player who sometimes makes a silk purse out of a sow's ear, occasionally makes a sow's ear out of a silk purse. It would be bold to assert that any player has ever created a great part, though some have made little mountains out of mole-hills: it is possible to see that great parts have created—ephemerally—great players. Yet I think that the common view is that great players are needed for great plays, and, of course, this is a mere truism if one looks upon plays as being merely written to exhibit the art of the actor or actress. One may take an analogy from music. Some, no doubt—and we hear too much of it—is written merely to exhibit the skill of the performer; but this is not the case with noble music. Indeed, real music can exist without the aid of the virtuoso, and true dramas without the assistance of the player; and both may be appreciated in direct proportion to their quality by the instructed without the intervention of the performer. It is obvious that the performer does not exist without the music or the play. Indeed, were stage performances prohibited, the great dramas would live—and the players? It is not even necessary to go so far as Lamb and look upon the actors as coming between the drama and the audience. Some may believe that the players are an opaque obstacle, others think them an illuminative medium.

Is acting a lost or decayed art? as many of the scribblers protest. For centuries this has been the outcry. If it were well founded, the theatres would be deserts. No one can endure what he thinks bad acting—it is as painful as bad cooking; but, whilst we must eat, we need not go to the play. The acting that moves the house is the true acting. Garrick, Kean, and Siddons would have to change their methods if they were reincarnated. Bad drama is in vogue, not bad acting, and it would be unjust to say that bad acting has brought about bad drama. Indeed, if the acting in our theatres were bad the Managers would be very busy, for few of the popular successes have much creative force and the players have a large share in the creation. It often happens, alas, that the Shakspeare play is so clipped and shaven, mauled and mangled, that half the vitality disappears; it has bled almost to inanition, and the actor, in consequence, has too much strain on his creative force—wherefore, humbly it may be, he prays in aid the scene-painter, stage-carpenter, dancing-master, costumier, and musician. We have, as it were, Shakspeare-and-soda, with too much soda and too little of the spirit of the Bard. However, it would be unjust to suggest that the maltreatment

of Shakspeare is due to the belief that competent players are not discoverable, though it may be admitted that they are not always discovered, and that, in fact, as I have several times suggested regretfully, our Managers are too slavish to reputations—and also superstition, it may be added. For it is an open secret that certain actors and actresses find difficulty in getting engagements because of a puerile belief on the part of some Managers that they are unlucky. No doubt, they are unlucky in being treated as unlucky, and, therefore, in a sense, are unlucky. Nowhere is the phrase "Nothing succeeds like success," with its correlative, "Nothing fails like failure," so cruelly true as on the stage. If somebody makes the observation that Mr. X. has been associated with many failures or Miss Y. with many successes, the question of merit goes often by the board. The cry about the dearth of competent players is no novelty. In 1863, Professor Henry Morley wrote as follows: "But, we are told, the race of good actors is all but extinct: there are not half-a-dozen actors equal to those parts in which the language rises above commonplace, or where there is demand for anything not to be found in the usual assortment of conventional emotions. I don't believe it. Good plays and good parts, not in the conventional, but in the best and truest sense, would make many good actors. They would have to warm into the unaccustomed work of really expressing freshly observed niceties and varieties and harmonies of character, and they would not know immediately how to speak a language of which every word has to go forth with its soul in its sound." A great deal has happened since 1863, and it is curious to find the same pessimistic view abroad as in the time of Professor Morley. Probably, however, there has always been and always will be the cry that there is a dearth of good players.

After all, there is no mystery about acting; mediocrity is bound to be the common standard, and the higher the plea for the recognition of the actor as a creative artist, the more certain is the fact that the standard must be the normal—if, indeed, there can be any uncertainty about it at all. We all want remarkable performances in all sorts of pieces running simultaneously, and it is illogical to expect them. It is out of human reckoning that there should be more than a very few at the top, and contrary to nature that those on the middle branches should be altogether satisfactory unless they bear such fruit in the nature of the work assigned to them—rather than their performance of it—that we confound the play and player and are simply interested by the thing before us without attempting to distinguish. It very rarely happens that Mr. Pinero's plays contain any pegs that seem to be in wrongly shaped holes, not because he insists upon the engagement of famous players, but for the reason that he chooses very shrewdly and without regard to popular reputations, has the weight to impose his choice upon the Managers, the power of enforcing his views upon those he has chosen, and, above all, the ability to give them parts interesting even if acted in a manner which to the intelligent observer suggests no great native talent in the performer. One might cite a good many instances of actors and actresses who have made a "hit" in a Pinero play and in no other class of work.

It appears that we are to have a "melo-farce" at Drury Lane, and, in the name of all outraged etymologists, one may ask what signifies this bastard combination of Greek and Anglicised French? If the term possesses any language meaning, the nearest translation would be "musical farce"; but certainly none of us expect to see at Drury Lane the curious hybrid form of vaudeville commonly called "musical farce," which in reality, as we know, means a collection of songs and dances, with a kind of despised story to serve the humble purpose of furnishing a background. Melodrama we know as originally a form of romantic play in which an effort was made to intensify by means of music the emotions caused during the important passages. There is, of course, another meaning to the word "melodrama" in association with opera, upon which I need not dwell. Music, however, used in the accepted fashion, can hardly heighten the comic effect of farce, though, of course, in ordinary farce the band plays during the fast and furious passages towards the close of each Act; but it seems hardly needful to increase the categories of Polonius unless something of greater novelty is to be offered. Can it be that music of a special character is to be given in order to enable us to digest the tableau representing Frith's picture, "The Railway Station"? I suppose that a good deal of strident whistling and shrieking sound of steam-escape will meet the case. However, the English language will survive Mr. Raleigh's outrage—I durst not call it a "gruesome outrage"—and perhaps the melo-farce will prove to be less novel than its name.





MISS NANCY PRICE AS ROSA DARTLE IN "EM'LY," AT THE ADELPHI.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*



## THE SOOTHING SYSTEM: TWO VIEWS FOR LANGUOROUS LONDONERS.



THE LODGE, DUCK-HOUSE, AND LAKE, ST. JAMES'S PARK.



THE WILLOW-TREE, ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

*Photographs by H. N. King, London.*



MISS JULIE RING, THE WELL-KNOWN DANCER.



## MR. MORTIMER MENPES,

WHOSE CAREER AS A PAINTER BEGAN WHEN HE WAS ONE YEAR OLD.—(*Vide* "Who's Who.")

A MAN of many enthusiasms is Mr. Mortimer Menpes, who has, on occasions, described himself as painter, etcher, raconteur, and rifle-shot. He is, however, a good deal more than these, for he is an author who, as an adjunct to the making of books, has added printing-works and the necessary plant for reproducing his drawings in colour.

Perhaps, at the moment, Mr. Menpes's dominant enthusiasm is the late James McNeill Whistler, on whom he is writing a book which will probably be called "Whistler as I Knew Him." It will take account of Whistler the painter, Whistler the etcher, as well as Whistler the man in the various manifestations of his genius, so that it should be more than ordinarily interesting, for Mr. Menpes at one time had great opportunities for observing "the Master," as Whistler delighted to call himself, seeing that for three years they were together every day, printing-etchings, travelling, painting, &c. In his new work, Mr. Menpes is being assisted by his second daughter, Dorothy, who was Whistler's god-daughter, and is thus a pleasant reminder of the days when Whistler had not made her father one of the living examples for his famous essay on "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." Not that Mr. Menpes regards himself in the light of Whistler's enemy, for, if ever one man had an intense admiration, amounting to devotion, for another, that man is Mortimer Menpes, and the other was James McNeill Whistler. For Miss Dorothy Menpes, who, as "the painter's youngest daughter," wrote a series of articles for one of the most popular weekly papers in the country, Whistler had an enthusiasm which a happy circumstance kindled at a very early period in her life. As long as the name of Whistler lives among those who saw him, it will recall the famous white lock which stood out so conspicuously from the mass of his black hair. It was, as he used to say himself, "well placed," and was always treated from the harmonious point of view, to develop its greatest effect in his appearance. One day, when Miss Menpes was a baby and was asleep on her pillow, Whistler went to see her. A white feather had, by chance, settled on her head, and lay in a spot exactly corresponding with the white lock on his own head. "That child is going to develop into something great," he exclaimed, "for, see, she begins with a feather, just like me!"

Perhaps the circumstance which inspired Mr. Menpes to undertake his present self-imposed task was the fact that, just after "the Master's" death, in looking through the letters he had received from him, the first he took from the bundle was the last Whistler had written. In this he reminded Mr. Menpes that Pigott, of the Parnell forgeries, went to Spain, and there blew his brains out. "You know your way to Spain," was the laconic addendum; "go and do likewise." Whistler's recognition that Mr. Menpes had brains to blow out was something of a triumph, and the inception of the book was begun. It is to be illustrated with a great many of Whistler's pictures, Mr. Menpes owning one of the finest collections of "the Master's" works in the world.

As most people are aware, Mr. Menpes was, as he says, "inartistically born" in Australia, a fact which one day gave Whistler the opportunity for remarking that he "could only liken Mr. Menpes to the kangaroo of his native country, which was born with a pocket into which he put everything"—a speech which Mr. Menpes himself has recalled in the most good-humoured manner possible. In Australia, Mr. Menpes began his artistic career when he was a very

small boy indeed, and, determining to be a painter, he eventually found his way to London and the Art Schools at South Kensington. It was at that time he met Whistler, who, assuring the young man that he would "save him from artistic degradation," as he called it, induced him to leave South Kensington and took him as a pupil. Several other young men were at that time under the influence of "the Master," who, however, forbade them to sketch in what he always grandiloquently called "My Chelsea."

It was while he was at South Kensington that Mr. Menpes became celebrated as a rifle-shot. He took it up one day, and within two months of handling a rifle he was selected to represent Middlesex. At Wimbledon, on one occasion, he tied with the same man for the Duke of Cambridge's and the Bass prizes, each of which is shot for at a thousand yards. In shooting off the tie, each won one of the events. It was while shooting for Middlesex with a Martini rifle that

he made what was at that time, and probably still remains, the record score of twenty-seven bulls out of twenty-eight shots at two hundred yards, the bull's-eye being only six inches instead of eight, as now. Immediately after shooting for Middlesex, he got into the English team, in which he did perhaps one of the most sensational shooting feats recorded in the annals of the team. He shot at an international match at Glasgow one day, travelled all night, and got on to the range at Bristol next day just in time to shoot for Middlesex against Devonshire. Indeed, in order to avail themselves of Mr. Menpes's services, the Middlesex Captain actually cut out one of the men he had put in when he despaired of the artist getting there in time. In spite of his fatigue, Mr. Menpes, with a Snider, at two hundred, five hundred, and six hundred yards, made ninety out of a possible one hundred and five, and contributed the winning score to the winning side. It was probably Whistler's dictum; that "we do not want athletic art," which stopped Mr. Menpes's shooting career, and then he went to Japan, with which, on his return, he began that series of exhibitions of different countries for which he has been famous, and which has led to his giving more one-man exhibitions in London than any other living painter.

As an authority on Japan, Mr. Menpes is well known the world over. Indeed, some people actually suppose his name is Japanese, and he often receives letters addressed

"Men-Pes" in support of that belief. He possesses also what is undoubtedly the only real Japanese house in London. It was made in Japan, where, for a year, Mr. Menpes kept some hundred skilled artists at work carrying out the designs he had made. When the pieces arrived in London, his troubles began with the British workmen, who wanted to put them up in their own fashion and according to their own ideas, with nails and screws, instead of fitting each part into the other, as they eventually had to do; for the Menpes house beautiful was intended to be, and is, as a matter of fact, innocent of ordinary building materials.

One result of his long stay in to say nothing of his enthusiasm for Japan is the fact that Mr. Menpes never works at an easel, though on the opposite page one is to be seen in his studio, where it is kept in deference to popular prejudice and to exhibit work to people. In the ordinary way, he puts his drawing flat on a table; but, if it is large, he places it flat on the floor and works on it like a Japanese artist. In this way he considers he gets a better light, while, if he is working in water-colour, he obtains the additional advantage in that the colour flows better and is much easier to put on.



MR. MORTIMER MENPES AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

*Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."*

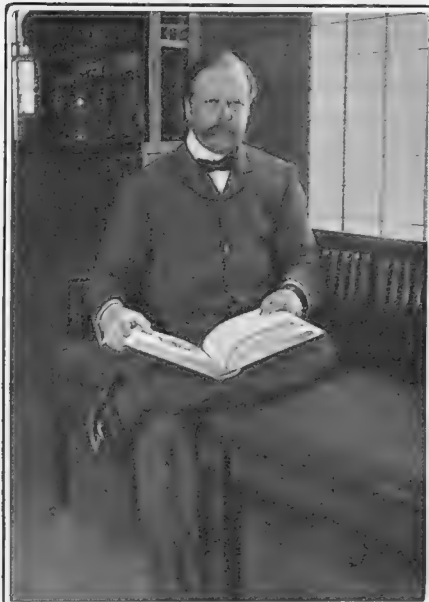


"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LIV.—MR. MORTIMER MENPES.



"STAND STILL. I AM MAKING A LITTLE SKETCH OF YOU ON COPPER."



"SOME RESULTS OF THAT KIND OF WORK ARE SHOWN IN MY LATEST BOOK, 'THE WORLD'S CHILDREN.'"



"AT PRÉSENT I AM BUSY ON A BIOGRAPHY OF WHISTLER. THIS IS A PORTION OF MY WHISTLER COLLECTION."



"PUT ENOUGH OF SHOP. LET ME SHOW YOU SOME OF MY JAPANESE TREASURES."



"WHAT A WONDERFUL NATION! I AM PASSIONATELY FOND OF THEIR WORK."



"ANOTHER OF MY HOBBIES IS THE COLLECTION OF BRONZES."



"THERE! I POSITIVELY REFUSE TO TALK ANY MORE ABOUT MYSELF."



"BUT, WITH THE AID OF THE PIANOLA, I WILL CONJURE UP SWEET STRAINS—"



"—TO CHEER YOU ON YOUR MURKY WAY."

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IF President Loubet and his Cabinet are not careful there will be a nasty accident in France very soon. I have been reading about a very horrid duel that took place a few days ago in Paris between M. Renaud and another gentleman. From the beginning of the proceedings the seconds were very alarmed, for the foils were unbuttoned. M. Renaud is a skilled swordsman, both men were angry, and there was big risk of bloodshed. True to the traditions of the Grand Nation, these seconds remained profoundly calm, but they were very pale and ill-at-ease. Events justified them. In the very first round—if the term be permissible—M. Renaud knocked his *vis-à-vis*'s glasses off, and if M. Opponent's eyes had been where his glasses were, he might have gone blind of one eye for life. So implacable was the hatred of one duellist for the other that even this grave consideration did not weigh with them; one of the brave seconds found the glasses, and the *combat à outrance* was resumed. A few moments later, M. Renaud's weapon had pierced his opponent to the sword-arm. Blood threatened to flow, and the injured member became "numbed." Only then was honour satisfied. All serious Frenchmen must see it is time to join the Anti-Duelling League. We know that our neighbours are not increasing in numbers as they should, and, under the circumstances, it is a manifest error to trifle with human life in this desperate and determined way. Let M. Renaud keep his sword to knock the glasses from the noses of a neighbouring race that is largely given to wearing them.

I can't help finding a certain special significance in this year's Naval Manœuvres. The size and quality of the squadrons are remarkable, but I think less of them than of the use of Portuguese ports for naval bases. In time of war it is a far cry from Portsmouth to Gibraltar, and it must be obvious to all seafaring men, if not to all students of the map, that Lisbon, Oporto, Lagos, and other places on the Portuguese coast would become wonderfully interesting in war-time. The Anglo-Portuguese *entente* develops apace. It may not be generally known that Portugal has given very great attention to corn-growing in the last few years, and in the Alentejo district, to the east of Lisbon, there is a supply that all Portugal cannot exhaust. I don't know anything about contraband of war, but it seems to me that a ship carrying grain from, say, Lisbon to some part of the English coast would not need half as much protection as a vessel that had to cross the Atlantic. When the Manœuvres are over, Admiral Wilson is going to Lisbon to thank Dom Carlos, in the name of the King, for allowing our Fleet to use Portuguese ports for naval bases.

I have always thought that the railway sandwich owed most of its vice to the imagination of the humourist, and though I have avoided it, there has been no malice in my thoughts. Last week came experience, for one of the delightful railway lines that collapse internally when the passenger traffic assumes summer proportions landed me at a Junction and left me to spend three-quarters of an hour there. The waiting-room literature consisted of some time-tables; it was mid-day and I had taken breakfast very early, so I went to

the refreshment-room to sustain my body, since I could not solace my mind. Two sandwiches reposed under a glass; an elderly dame, their guardian, declared they were fresh and handed one to me. I had time to note that age or infirmity had turned the edges up, and then it slipped from the plate and sought the floor. She picked it up tenderly and handed me the other.

My teeth failed me. "A bit of the old," I murmured. "Not at all," said the lady of the refreshments, who was probably born about the time the sandwich was cut and resented the reflection; "you can't make sandwiches with fresh bread." "I see you can't," I said, sadly, and wandered about the dismal Junction until the melancholy train dragged its slow length along the platform. On my way to the carriage I glanced at the refreshment-room and saw on the tray a pile of comparatively modern sandwiches. The last of the old lot, the sandwich with curled edges that had gone to ground, was being slightly dusted by the proprietress and put on the top of the heap. I coughed slightly; the guardian of sandwiches held her hand from first-aid to the wounded and scowled at me, angry but unashamed. Now I know that the railway sandwich deserves its ill-repute.

I am amused when I read that M. Jacques Lebaudy has been voted mad by the French authorities. They do not seem to have had any fears for his reason when he went from the Canary Islands to the Rio del Oro coast, south of Morocco, and set up a kingdom there. It was nothing more than the freak of a very young millionaire to take possession of a country whither nobody comes, whence nobody goes, to proclaim himself King Jacques I., and proceed to give the surrounding sands that constituted his kingdom a constitution. Unhappily, some wandering Bedouins seem to have arrived inopportunely and to have captured some of his sailor-subjects, so, to avoid trouble, the French Ministry has decided that Master Lebaudy is mad. Does not the whole incident remind you of one of the "Ingoldsby Legends"—the story of "Frederick Gowler, a Mariner of the Sea," who became for a short time King of Canoodledum?



MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S PROPOSED SCHOOL OF ACTING: A FORECAST.

THE PRINCIPAL CHASTISING AN INATTENTIVE PUPIL IN THE HAMLET CLASS.





## II.—IN THE STUDIO.

AFTER dinner, the great musician proposed a stroll, and everybody agreed to join. We went through meadows where the rich grass was ready for the haymakers, and past hedges where the nightingales "fed the heart of the night with fire. The wood-larks were yet afield, and in the grove the cuckoos were never silent. A full moon hung low down in the heavens. "This is very beautiful," he said, wondering. "Ternina is singing now at Covent Garden. I do not like to miss her, but I am so tired of heated opera-house and stifling drawing-room, of conventional applause, of all the penalties of great cities. I am well pleased to be here. I am young again." And so it seemed, for he filled his arms with wild-flowers and motioned us to move quietly, lest any bird's song should be disturbed, and spoke with all a musician's delight of the "Pastoral Symphony," reminded of it, he said, not only by the songs from hedge and spinney, but by the scent from the bean-fields and hedges heavy with honeysuckle.

Perhaps we tramped for three or four miles without meeting a stranger; only a stray light in some farm-house or cottage reminding us that the land had inhabitants. He talked of musical life in many cities—Moscow, Vienna, Prague, Buda-Pesth—and we listened silently. Before we expected to be back, the familiar lane stood revealed in the mellow light. We idled across the lawn and paused by the studio-door. In the corner the piano stood, candles burning by its side. He paused irresolute, we stood expectant.

"I cannot sleep," he said; "the night is too beautiful. Let us salute it."

We took our seats; his was at the piano. He waited long enough for cigars to be lighted and the coffee that should have followed dinner to be discussed. Then his hands ran lightly over the keys, calling to the soul of melody within, and it woke responsive to his touch.

He began with a delicate nocturne by Chopin, a masterpiece of mournful fancy that seemed to be a musician's rendering of Milton's famous line, "Most musical, most melancholy." I never realised before the undertone of sadness in the nightingale's song, the plaintive call of the blackbird roused from his dreams among the elder-trees that fringe the pond. The master woke all the sorrow of a midnight mourning for the rare June day that died with it, and when his hands ceased to move we paid him the homage of silence.

His mood changed, he turned to the "Frühlingslied" of Mendelssohn, and the shadow passed from the night, and through the open door of the studio I looked out and seemed to see the Spring. The leaves had the silvery tint of their very early days; the rich brown earth had faint suggestion of the violet's scent, and the song of the birds told us that "the winter was over and gone." I seemed to know that the glow-worm would be shining and that

the sycamore would be a-flower, that the cuckoo was newly arrived from overseas, that the hawthorn buds were breaking. The magic of Spring enveloped us; until the last rich chord sank into silence the reality of the scene had no existence for me.

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, followed Mendelssohn; quite unconscious of our presence, the great musician played on, and we made no sound to call him from the world of dreams in which he dwelt. The candles



THE FAMILIAR LANE STOOD REVEALED IN THE MELLOW LIGHT.

burnt out, the moonlight flooded the studio as though Selene's self were listening. Outside in the garden the birds could not sleep: cuckoos came nearer and nearer to the wonderful sounds they had never heard before; the nightingales took up the Master's challenge, and when he was silent they flooded the lawn with melody. He passed through many moods—elation, triumph, regret, despair; you heard them all, and each while it stayed mastered him completely. I thought more than once that he was recalling his career—the long years of hard, unrequited work, the poverty, neglect, and contempt; then the lucky chance that gave him a hearing and the uninterrupted period of subsequent success. All the moods of life were there, and the Master played with our souls, raising us to the heights and sending us suddenly into the depths.

I was conscious of a changing light, the passage from yellow to grey; a faint chill came into the air, and, unconsciously responsive to it, the musician returned to Chopin and expressed through some of the Polish Master's most sombre work the sense of the hours when strong men are weak and weak men are pitifully afraid, when night-attacks are made and dying men pass to the great silence that surrounds our lives.

In a moment when he paused I heard the faint, uncertain note of a thrush, half-sleeping, half-awake, frightened to call too loudly lest the dawn should not be so near at hand as it seemed. The dull grey of the studio took something of a pearly glow, and the window that looks to the East reddened as though catching the reflection of some far-off fire.

For the first time the player turned to Wagner, to the "Tannhäuser" overture. I had never realised before that a piano could express that masterpiece, but the persuasion of those hands was irresistible, and the wonderful scheme lived as though all the orchestra were there. The dance of the Venusberg revellers crossing the Pilgrim's prayer stirred me as strongly there as ever it did, and the final triumph of Love was lighted by the first rays of the sun.

As the last chord sounded, he rose from the piano.

"I have never had a more delightful night," he said, "or a better audience. Had you been tired I must have felt your impatience, and then I could not have continued."

S. L. BENSUSAN.



HE PASSED THROUGH MANY MOODS.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

READING the sixpenny edition of "Rhoda Fleming," I came across the pessimistic view of England's future which Mr. Meredith puts into the mouth of the fine old farmer, Jonathan Eccles—

"We shall be beaten by these Yankees." He gave Old England twenty years of continued pre-eminence (due to the impetus of the present generation of Englishmen), and then, said he, the Yankees will flood the market. No more green pastures in Great Britain; no pretty, clean-footed animals; no yellow harvests; but huge chimney-pots everywhere; black earth under black vapour, and smoke-begrimed faces. In twenty years' time sooty England was to be a gigantic manufactory until the Yankees beat us out of that field as well; beyond which Jonathan Eccles did not care to spread any distinct border of prophecy; merely thanking the Lord that he should then be under grass. The decay of our glory was to be edged with blood; Jonathan admitted that there would be stuff in the fallen race to deliver a sturdy fight before they went to their doom.

No persuasion of his friends has availed to induce Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton to republish in volume form a selection of the numerous critical and biographical papers he has contributed to the *Athenæum*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and other periodicals. In the circumstances, it is a consolation to know that Mr. James Douglas, an intimate friend of Mr. Dunton's, and, like him, a reviewer in the *Athenæum*, has in preparation a book which will give a *résumé* of Mr. Watts-Dunton's critical results. Mr. Watts-Dunton has completed an elaborate essay on Byron for the concluding volume of Chambers's valuable "Cyclopædia of English Literature." For the same work, Mr. Swinburne has prepared an article on Shelley. Mrs. Brotherton has written on Tennyson.

Mr. Andrew Lang is staying at St. Andrews. It is doubtful whether the concluding volume of his History of Scotland will be ready for publication this autumn.

I am glad to hear that there is to be a commemoration of George Borrow in Norwich during the winter. A great rally of East Anglians is expected to do honour to their famous countryman.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has declared that he will never write a novel again. He intends to devote himself chiefly to play-writing, in emulation of his friend, Clyde Fitch, who is said to have earned ten times as much by his plays as Mr. Davis has earned through his novels. Mr. Davis has the assistance of his brother, Mr. Charles Belmont Davis, formerly United States Consul at Florence and for one season manager of a well-known music-hall in New York.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, step-son and collaborator of Robert Louis Stevenson, has for two years made his home in New York with his sister, Mrs. Isobel Strong, and has devoted himself chiefly to play-writing. He has not kept up the reputation as a popular romancer which he gained in association with Stevenson. But Mr. Osbourne is still under forty and may well have a future before him.

President Roosevelt is emulating the fame of Mr. W. D. Howells as a discoverer and encourager of new authors. Among his recent finds is Mr. Stewart Edward White, the author of "The Blazed Trail." Hearing that Mr. White was staying in one of the Pacific towns included in the recent Presidential itinerary, Mr. Roosevelt invited him to join the party for some time, and on his departure said, "That's the kind of young American who is making our new literature." But American authors complain that they now seek in vain for offices. These are now monopolised by Party workers.

The daily average of readers in the British Museum last year was 699, the total giving an increase for the year of 11,209. There is a movement to secure an addition to the number of attendants, so as to shorten the time taken in the delivery of books. But, all things considered, readers have much to be thankful for and little to complain of.

The autumn season promises to be very rich in biographical books. Canon Ainger's "Crabbe" should be out soon. Sir George Douglas is busy with his *Life of General Wauchope*, which promises to be a book of permanent value. Mr. T. F. Henderson, Mr. Henley's colleague, is engaged on a short biography of Burns, and Mr. A. C. Benson is writing on Tennyson—whose life will not be fully told in this generation. Among other biographies announced are "Nero," by B. W. Henderson; "Galileo," by J. J. Fahie; "Canning," by W. A. Phillips; "Lord Chatham," by A. S. McDowell; "Novalis," by Una Birch; "St. Francis of Assisi," by A. M. Stoddart; and "S. J. Stone" (hymn-writer), by F. G. Ellerton.

Mr. J. L. Low, the famous golfer, has written a book about Golf, full of practical hints, which will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in the autumn.

An American bard is moved to sing the miseries of a very literary household—

In the study father  
Keeps himself aloof,  
While he stews and grumbles  
O'er his "author's proof."  
Mother's in her bedroom—  
List the clicking keys.  
All the house is crazy  
Over "royalties."  
Cook is in the kitchen,  
But 'tis not to cook:  
Puff and Co. are waiting  
For her promised book.  
Bread is burnt and soggy,  
Red and raw the meat.  
Still, it doesn't matter—  
Who has time to eat?

O. O.



STUDIES OF CHILDREN: BY TOM BROWNE.  
I.—"CURIOSITY." (A SPANISH GIRL.)



# ROBINA-ANNE.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

"NOW, I wonder——!" said Robina-Anne; and again, "I wonder——!" Robina-Anne had a soft, round chin with a dimple in it. She had soft, round eyes and an infinitely sly and captivating habit of looking sideways out of them. She looked in this fashion now at her young man.

"I should so like to know," she said, beginning quite afresh, "if you really love me, Charlie, or only think you do?"

"Why, Robina-Anne, what a question! Haven't we been engaged a whole six months?"

"Oh, yes!" said Robina-Anne, looking down. "I am taking it for granted that you thought you loved me six months ago."

"I *loved you*," he corrected her.

"I'll grant you that," she said. "I was only wondering about the present, you see, Charlie."

"And I wonder what gives you such strange thoughts, Robina-Anne?"

"Having nothing better to think about, perhaps, Charlie."

"But you have, girl! You have, dear. Aren't we going to be married in a month from now? When we've been married six years or—or sixty—when we've been through all the—the trials and things they warn us about, you know—will be time enough to start wondering if my love has stood the—the strain and all that; but now——"

He was a good youth and handsome, but not fluent.

Robina-Anne, however, seemed to understand him.

"I know, Charlie," she said; "I quite know. But in sixty years of married life we should become so very used to each other, everything would be so inevitable, as it were, that to begin, really *begin* analysing our feelings then, would seem a little unnecessary; it couldn't make many years' difference anyhow, could it? And so, if ever we got as far as sixty years together, my advice, uttered now for the benefit of the pair of old sillies we should have become, would be, leave it alone and—and think of better things, of course. But I think the present might be worth deciding about."

"We decided it," the lad said, stoutly, "six months ago."

"We decided six months ago for—for six months ago," said Robina-Anne. "We thought a great deal about it, and oh!—and we certainly talked a great deal about it, and I believe we were both quite honest. Charlie"—she broke off to say in a tone that was an odd misfit with the evenness of the rest of her speech—"Charlie, you meant every word you said then, didn't you, dear?"

"Every blessed word of it!"

"Yes," she went on, "we decided quite comfortably for then. But one changes—one grows—— Oh, Charlie! Charlie!"

"What?" the lad cried, roughly seizing her delicate wrists; trying to read her look. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I have seen you changing—seen you grow——"

A gasp escaped him, a wordless cry. He let go her wrists.

"Take hold of my hands again, Charlie. Look into my eyes! I have seen it all—and it does not hurt," ended Robina-Anne.

With steady eyes she watched the play of emotions on his face. Relief first of all and amazement and appreciation of herself, but quite a new appreciation, and over everything and beyond everything again—relief. Clearing from his troubled brow, that was the index of his simple mind, a multitude of doubts, and making room for a new, an overmastering joy.

"So we shan't be married in a month, Charlie—or ever," said Robina-Anne. She drew her hands from his, and then, without a backward look, she left him alone, as he longed to be, that he might slowly realise, and take unto himself this unexpected good—yes, actually *good fortune* that had come to him!

For, incredible as it seems, this young man who might have had, in one short month, Robina-Anne to wife—Robina-Anne, with a thousand tricks, a thousand graces; with a dimpled chin, and soft, round eyes that could look—how innocent! that could look—how sly! with a laugh that set you laughing you knew not, cared not, wherefore; with a soft, sweet, wheedling tongue, and a tender, impetuous woman's heart to guide, into harmless ways, her childish trickery—who might, strange, strange young man, have kept for his lifelong charming this bundle of sweet charms, had yet grown in six short months into believing he loved better a young woman as dull and heavy as himself!

She had, it is true, some money of her own, but what is a trifling sum of money to compare with so much? He was a prudent young man and well-meaning, but sadly devoid of taste.

Robina-Anne had a rosy mouth with a delicate upward curve at either corner. God made it for her to laugh with, and she principally used it for that. She set it bravely to laughter through the days that followed, and she drilled her blue eyes into taking their cue from her laughing mouth. It was the first time in her sunny life that her mouth had needed coaxing out of her. But she had this much mercy on herself, that, having started her Charlie on the way to happiness, she contrived to see as little as possible of his progress upon that chequered path.

So that she did not hear how the young woman with a little money very flatly and finally refused poor, prudent Charlie's outstretched hand and unstable heart. Perhaps she had previously thought out a prettier investment for her money. As that may be, Robina-Anne heard nothing of it, and only reluctantly pictured him steeped in new joys until she came upon him very evidently steeped, contrariwise, in a fit of deep dejection. He was sitting upon a convenient gate, a gate that Robina-Anne had often shared with him, and his face was gloomy to a degree defying description.

"Oh, you poor Charlie!" exclaimed Robina-Anne. "Don't tell me you're tired of her already and in love with a third girl!"

"I've done with girls," growled Charlie.

"Done——! Broken it off so soon?"

"She wouldn't have me," Charlie explained.

Then the laughter really deserted the blue eyes of Robina-Anne.

"And you want her so much! Poor, dear old Charlie!"

She climbed the gate—it was every bit as much her property as his. She put an arm through his, being close at his side—a warm and most comforting presence.

"Dear Charlie! And you wanted her so much!"

"Well, I don't want her—now," said Charlie.

Then suddenly a swift blush covered her face, and she would have jumped to the ground if he had not stopped her with a very strong arm.

"Let me go!" she panted. "Oh, I had forgotten that I have no right to comfort you any longer!"

"I don't want comforting—any longer," said Charlie, "if you'll only stop where you are."

"*Didn't* you love her, then?" said Robina-Anne, startled into staying.

"No," said Charlie. "It seems I didn't; that I only thought I did."

"And when did you find it out?"

"I think—on my way to ask her to marry me."

"What——?" Robina-Anne shot a sideways glance at him.

"Now, *what* made you find it out then, Charlie?"

"The thought of a girl called Robina-Anne," said Charlie, mournfully, "and—and all I'd lost in her."

"But you went on? Why did you go on?"

"I—I'm like that," said Charlie, with rare insight. "And there seemed nothing better to do. You had given me to understand—don't you remember? Don't you see?"

"I see and remember. But you need not bother about understanding that——"

"Well? Well, Robina-Anne?"

"—— Much longer, Charlie!"

He put his arm about her and turned her face to his. He was used to sitting on gates, and none of it was wholly new to him, except, indeed, the mistiness shading Robina-Anne's blue eyes.

But he soon kissed that away. Undoubtedly he had his uses.

"I've been no better than a great big fool," said Charlie, simply. "But, Lord! I was thankful when that girl sent me packing as I deserved! Although I never dreamed of this—of anything to be compared with this, you darling Robina-Anne!"

"Didn't you?" said Robina-Anne. "Didn't you? Now, I do call that silly of you!"

But, admitting he was a silly young man and slow, then didn't luck serve him nicely? And where he needs defence, let it be taken into consideration that this is the story of Robina-Anne, who would gladly have bartered her blue eyes any day for the least thing that he wanted.

## THE HUMOURIST IN SOCIETY.



FORM AND FIGURE.

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.



THE HUMOURIST AT THE SEASIDE.



HE: "BOTHER THESE BEASTLY SUN-BONNETS!"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

## THE MODERN HUSBAND.

BY DUDLEY HARDY.





## A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

## A CASE IN POINT.

BY

LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.



"MEN!" exclaimed my cousin Letitia, snappily. "Can't you do without men for half-a-day?"

"Better than for a whole one," I admitted, the remark being obviously addressed to me.

Then Letitia said "Pshaw!" or "Faugh!" or something of one syllable with a flat sound, and rose and punished a geranium.

We were merely sitting in Aunt Ethel's conservatory after breakfast, Letitia, Kitty Troon, and I, discussing, most innocently, what we should do on this perfect day; there was no adequate reason why Letitia should fire unpleasant queries at me—before the child, too.

For my part, when a perfect day is bestowed upon that part of the world in which I happen to be, I often like to do nothing at all on it—the method leaves time for appreciation. My cousin Letitia, on the contrary, always feels that she must go out in it and do something—generally something heating, which takes all her attention.

Perhaps Letitia's instincts were right on this particular occasion, for Kitty Troon was down for just a week with Aunt Ethel and Uncle Percy, and the poor little thing (she's only seventeen) doesn't have much of a time at home, with six little sisters all in twins, and a dreamy father and mother who never seem to think of sharing their dreams with Kitty—only their twins.

Kitty is dreadfully shy with strangers, especially strange men (which includes every man except her father and the proprietor of the toy-shop where the twins deal). When she and I are alone together, she has rather a pretty little narrative style—after the author of "Harry and Lucy"—and she brings out little thoughts I like to hear, little thoughts that make me think of daisies and new milk and clean muslin frocks without frills. But, having seen her with strangers, I knew what she meant when, on Letitia's beginning, "Now, what shall we arrange to do to-day?" she pleaded, all one pretty pink impulse, "Couldn't we go out in the fields somewhere—just we three together?" Meaning, of course, *without* Mr. Yates, Uncle Percy's red-haired second-cousin, and *without* Mr. Featherstone-Hope, who happened to be down for a little visit (it happens quite often), and *without* the curate, who walks over several miles daily for the sake, I suppose, of Letitia's soul's welfare (he certainly never troubles about mine—to speak of no one else's).

I said, of course, "Oh, yes; let's!" And then, later on, I forgot, and when Letitia (who has no opinion of such a thing as walking out of the gate and just following your nose in an unfettered sort of way) corrugated her fine brow and said, "Where?" I innocently suggested, "Let's go to Pobbly Mead; the men will row us up."

It was quite a slip of the memory, and Letitia needn't have snapped "Men!" in that manner.

"Don't mind about me a bit," urged Kitty, when Letitia's geranium was beginning to look naked about the stem. "I should like to do just what you would like. Let us," she pleaded to the back of Letitia's starched grey linen blouse, "do as Patricia says, and be rowed up."

"No," said Letitia, turning a practical eye upon us, "we won't. We can get to Pobbly Mead all right by ourselves. We shall be much better without the men."

"Better mentally or spiritually?" I asked, gently; "or fed?"

"Better behaved," said Letitia, shortly.

"But," protested Kitty, fearful lest she should have robbed any human being of an hour of happiness, "they would rather go with us, I dare say. They like Patricia and you so much——"

Letitia smiled tolerantly. "Never mind their feelings, Katherine;

for one day we'll think of our own. Men, my dear"—patronisingly—"are trying."

"What did they try?" I asked, blandly.

Letitia ignored me, with a glare. "We'll just steal quietly away," she continued, "without letting anyone know, except Aunt Ethel."

"Yes, it's better to make a confidante of the person you want to get your food from," I agreed.

"And I'll get the lunch," concluded Letitia, magnanimously.

I concede Letitia does that well—and enjoys it.

"But about the rowing? I don't know how to row," confessed Kitty.

"Oh, that will be all right!" declared Letitia, amiable under this opportunity for organisation. "Patricia and I will manage all that between us. Now, how," she added, turning to me, "shall we arrange it?"

"I," I said, as I took a comprehensive look-out into the blaze of sunshine on the lawn, "will steer. I think I do that best."

"Had more practice," said Letitia, grimly.

"Yes," I admitted, humbly.

Then Letitia went off to see Aunt Ethel and cook; Kitty decided that she would go and send a picture post-card to the three twins (that seems an inadequate expression for six sisters, but Letitia says it is correct, and when Letitia is about it wouldn't occur to anyone to ask Kitty); and I strolled round the house to fetch the sunshade I had left by the gooseberry-bushes before breakfast.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Featherstone-Hope, crossing my path from the stables.

"I hope I see you," I said, politely, in the phraseology of Jane, the house-maid.

"I hope you do," he replied. "Where are you off?"

"To the gooseberry-bushes."

"So soon!" he soliloquised. "And we breakfasted——"

"Some persons," I remarked to a hollyhock, as we strolled into the kitchen-garden, "never think of the beauties of Nature except as something to eat."

"We were speaking of gooseberries," he protested, "and from an æsthetic point of view——"

"You have much to learn," I said, kindly.

"Well, *after* you have criticised the gooseberry-bushes," he persisted, "what are you going to do then?"

"Something," I said, sternly, "you could not understand."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," encouragingly. "Told slowly, in words of one syllable, I could understand anything *you* could think of doing."

While I pondered on the intention of this remark, Mr. Featherstone-Hope proceeded with a haste which convinced me that it had been disrespectful and that he was already nervous.

"It's the right day for a row down to Allass," he began.

"I hope you will enjoy yourself," I said, politely.

"The boat," he said, meditatively, "would be better trimmed if you——"

I stopped and looked at the sky—as long as I could bear it. I did not help him.

"The boat," he began again, "would be better trimmed if you——"

But I continued without helping him:

"Will you come down to Allass this morning, Miss Pomeroy?" asked Mr. Featherstone-Hope.

"Thank you very much for thinking of it," I replied, sweetly, "but I have an engagement in another direction."

"I didn't know anything was arranged," he said, with polite annoyance. "What is the engagement?"

"Letitia and Kitty and I," I remarked, calmly, "are going to steal away quietly, without letting anyone know——"

"Why ever?"

"To row to Pobbly Mead and have lunch there."

"Yes; but why steal away quietly?"

"It was Letitia's suggestion—part of the entertainment, I suppose."

"What on earth——?"

"I knew you wouldn't understand," I said, sweetly.

"Do you?"

"I shall—when I get there." And I fanned my hot cheeks with a horse-radish leaf.

"Steal away?" he repeated. "Had anyone tried to stop you?"

"Letitia did say that men were 'trying,'" I admitted.

Mr. Featherstone-Hope guffawed. "The Rev. Charles would blush to his bones," he declared.

"I think she did it for our sakes—Kitty's and mine," I faltered.

"Yours, for instance?"

"To learn if I can live without men for half-a-day."

"H'm! And Miss Troon's?"

"Kitty is very shy with strangers——"

"Pooh! She and the red-headed Yates were getting on last night like a house afire."

"Perhaps she thought he was one," I suggested, gently. "In danger, those timid natures——"

"H'm!" said Mr. Featherstone-Hope again. Then he flicked a seeded onion with the corner of his handkerchief, and meditated.

"Well," he said, alertly, when I again made a move towards the gooseberry-bushes, "how would it do if I——?"

"Without that handkerchief?" I suggested.

He ceased flicking the onion and smelt the handkerchief. "Well, how would it be if I—without the handkerchief——?"

Three-quarters of an hour later I heard Letitia calling, and I hurried to the gooseberry-bushes to get my sunshade. Then, cavalierless, we started for Pobbly Mead.

I have seen my cousin Letitia in a heated condition many times, for she is both an energetic and a conscientious girl. This day, however, broke her own record. Half-an-hour of steady oar-work of the kind Letitia wreaks upon the river resulted in a complexion which would arrest the eye of a horse.

"Ah!" I said, consolingly, as I steered the boat several cruel yards out of its course to pick a water-lily, "it is a comfort not to have any men about when one is looking such a sight."

"It is!" snapped Letitia.

"Though, perhaps," I began, musingly, "if they *had* come with us, we should not have——"

"If you could manage to steer at least in the *direction* of Pobbly Mead," interrupted Letitia, who had just perceived the curve in my course, "the unbecoming exhibition you object to might be shortened."

And I said, "Indeed, yes!" And, having laid my lily down in the shade of the seat, I steered the boat out again and pointed for Pobbly Mead.

At times, from sheer charity, I insisted on taking the oars, but Letitia became annoyed, and said I drifted down instead of rowing up.

"After all," I declared, comfortably, "we came for pleasure, didn't we, and it is pleasanter to drift down than to row up?"

"We planned to go to Pobbly Mead," said Letitia, sternly.

"Yes," I sighed, "and I suppose it would be awfully mortifying to think that we couldn't do without men even for half-a-day."

But rowing up the river, in spite of toil and discomfort, was a thing that could, by a bartering of one's natural charms, be accomplished. Getting into Pobbly Mead, however, was quite another matter. I had been there before with Uncle Percy, so I knew, though I had not thought it necessary to confide in Letitia when I recollected.

Uncle Percy, who is the proud possessor of that stretch of Paradise, is a dear man, but an experimentalist. Aunt Ethel, coupled with that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call him, had limited his sphere of action; but Pobbly Mead was within the limits, and patent gate-latches were probably temptations beyond his powers of resistance. He had not resisted, at any rate, and two patent gate-latches with experimental gates on to them were between us and our goal—gates built high, of close uprights, with no inch of foothold.

It was three-quarters of an hour, less two minutes, from the time we placed our luncheon-basket on the ground and fronted the first experimental gate till the moment we heard the sound of footsteps on the other side, during which melting moments we had used every force at our command upon that patent latch with no avail. We did everything common-sense, originality, instinct, or desperation could suggest, except descending to low invective, and yet the gate was close as a rat-trap.

Most of the time I stood behind Letitia, calculating it by my watch. Every now and again I would say, "Oh, do let me try! Sometimes I do almost impossible things by accident," and Letitia, who wanted to loosen her collar and wipe her brow, would reluctantly yield her position. But I know it worried her to see my slower attempts; and, truly, I myself was in horrid fear lest by some fell instinct I should open it, for Uncle Percy did show me how to do it a week or two before. Fate was kind to me, however; the gate wouldn't budge, and I believe even Letitia would have lifted her mind off Pobbly Mead and contented herself with a glass of lemonade and a dock-leaf on her brow in the boat if I had not suggested this course so earnestly, following my suggestion with the admission that, of course, it *was* hateful to be balked in our plans, and so annoying to think that women really never could manage the simplest little mechanical things.

When I said that, Letitia's mouth straightened. "We will go to Pobbly Mead," she snapped, "if I have to pull the gate down!"

"There's another, too," I sighed; and, on my word, Letitia, at that point, gave the uprights a kick. Kitty, meanwhile, pleaded that she should go and try to borrow some oil at some cottage; she thought the latch must be stiff. Dear Kitty's methods are all coaxing. I knew, however, that, after Letitia's declaration, we were all right; and, just when Kitty was almost in tears and I was putting a dock-leaf inside my hat, we heard voices and footsteps on the other side of the stubborn overlapping laths.

"Could you open this gate for us?" cried Letitia, with triumphant relief in her tones.

"Beg pardon?" inquired a voice.

"Will you kindly open this gate for us—if you can?" asked Letitia, civilly.

"Certainly, yes. Isn't it locked?"

"No; it's a patent fastening," replied Letitia.

I was on my feet now, guilty and giggling.

"Cantilever," remarked the voice.

"We can't do anything more than we have done," I declared.

Then the gate swung back and we walked through, into the presence of Mr. Yates, the Rev. Charles, and Mr. Featherstone-Hope!

"Oh!" said Letitia, in astonishment.

"Oh!!" said I, in more astonishment, as was required of me.

"Oh!" said Kitty, faintly.

"We were going down by the fields," said the Rev. Charles.

"We thought of lunching at Pobbly Mead," I informed them.

"How jolly!" said the Rev. Charles.

Mr. Featherstone-Hope's silence up to that point was masterly; now he said, quietly, "You must let us carry over your basket." And he shouldered it before even Letitia could protest.

The six of us lunched very happily and completely at Pobbly Mead on what Letitia had provided for three.

When we were strolling back to the boat, Mr. Featherstone-Hope said that, if Letitia had not been deeply interested in the Rev. Charles, she must have detected guilty joy on my face when the gate was opened; and he was glad they had contributed so obviously to my pleasure.

"I was only glad because Letitia had been so offensively superior about men," I retorted, "and I wanted to prove her own dependence even in the matter of a little, old, upside-down gate-latch."

"A cantilever," he protested.

"I don't care what a lever can't do!" I snapped; "but I don't like to be sat upon *always* by Letitia."

"Or sometimes," he said, drily.

"And I don't believe," I went on, ignoring his implication, "that Kitty minded a bit when it was hustled on her. I believe she enjoyed it as much as anyone. Do you know, while you three were washing the plates, I speciously introduced the subject of hair, and she told me she liked 'a sort of bright brown with a certain warm tint in it.' I said, 'Oh, you mean red!' And she started as if she had been shot."

"I saw that mine was wasted on her," said Mr. Featherstone-Hope, smoothing his dark head mournfully.

"I think," I remarked, with mournfulness to match, as I waved my hand towards the disappearing couples ahead of us, "that we are both wasted on any of them at present."

"The kindest thing," suggested Mr. Featherstone-Hope, with a deep sigh, "would probably be to leave them alone."

"It seems so," I sighed.

"Perhaps we might do so together?" he suggested, further.

"Perhaps."

"Allass is rather a nice spot when one is—*de trop*. Let us be *de trop* together at Allass to-morrow."

"I think it might be the kindest thing," I admitted.

"I'm sure of it!" said Mr. Featherstone-Hope. So we went.

THE END.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MANY of the admirers of Mr. J. M. Barrie will be sorry to find that that brilliant writer has thought fit to change the title of his new play (now being rehearsed at Wyndham's Theatre) from the somewhat sweet-sounding "Little Mary" to the more old-fashioned, not to say more melodramatic, title of "The Stormy Petrel." Besides, it

is not a particularly new name, and we are accustomed to look for new as well as nice titles from Mr. Barrie.

Mr. E. S. Willard, who produces Louis N. Parker's four-Act historical drama, "The Cardinal," at the St. James's Theatre on the 31st inst., has not been seen in London for some years. His present season is to extend for twenty-four weeks. Although Mr. Willard will rely during this mainly on "The Cardinal," he has several other plays to follow it with when necessary. Among these may be mentioned "The Professor's Love-Story" and "Tom Pinch." At present, however, it is intended to give only matinée performances of these two plays.

Other dramas in



THE LATE MR. SAM EMERY  
(FATHER OF MISS WINIFRED EMERY) AS PEGGOTTY IN  
"EM'LY."

Mr. Willard's repertoire include plays by Stephen Phillips and Comyns Carr. In the former of these (a poetical play dealing with the struggle between the Cavaliers and Roundheads), the leading feminine rôle falls to Miss Constance Collier. To support him in "The Cardinal," Mr. Willard will have the professional services of, among others, Miss Helen Ferrers, Mr. Herbert Waring, and Mr. Charles Fulton.

Immediately after Mr. Willard's production, we are to see Mr. Esmond's new, or rather, new to London play, formerly called "Imprudence," but now given its own name, "Little Billy's Love Affair." This is now due at the Criterion on Sept. 2. The prolific Mr. Clyde Fitch's newest importation, "The Climbers," will, I am authoritatively informed, be produced at the Comedy on Sept. 5. Soon after that, Miss Kate Phillips will present that somewhat saucy French play, "Lonte," as adapted by Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham-Davis, who has somewhat reduced the sauciness of the "Model" who is "Presidentess" of the "Won't-Go-Home-till-Morning Club"; and in September (about the middle) Mr. Arthur Collins will produce Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new "melo-farce," at present entitled "The Flood-Tide."

The favourable and, indeed, enthusiastic reception given to "Em'ly" at the Adelphi night by night has, I learn, induced several other adaptations and "Peggotty" sketches to be mooted, not only as dramas in the regular theatres, but also in the "halls," or "theatres of variety," as they are nowadays managerially called. Other Dickens dramas are threatened. These include two or three new versions of "Oliver Twist," in addition to the version which Mr. Comyns Carr has prepared for Mr. Beerbohm Tree to play Fagin in. As to dramatisations of "David Copperfield," one of the best of the new unacted ones I have met with is Mr. W. H. Day's drama entitled at present "Peggotty's Darling."

Talking of "Em'ly," it will doubtless be interesting to many playgoers to see published in this issue of *The Sketch* a portrait of one of the finest Dickens-drama actors that have ever been seen since Dickens dramas first began to flood our stage. The portrait in question is that of the late Mr. Sam Emery, father of that delightful actress, Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude), and son of the great John Emery, who was one of the finest character-actors of the early part of the eighteenth century. Mr. Sam Emery started playing in Dickens dramas in the mid-'forties of the last century, when plays based upon

the works of the great novelist were to be found simultaneously on most of the West-End stages and on all of the East-End sort. "The Cricket on the Hearth," for example, was to be found at five leading London theatres and at a dozen or so of the "minor" playhouses all in the same week!

I hear that it is likely—and I sincerely hope it will come to pass—that the Elizabethan Stage Society enthusiasts, who gave such a deeply interesting performance of Christopher Marlowe's "Edward the Second" at Oxford a few days ago, will anon bring the whole production to London. Marlowe's last play, written just before his shocking death by murder at the age of twenty-nine, has, of course, long been known to all of us who know anything about our British drama. But, after seeing its first performance for three hundred years at Oxford a few days ago, I feel more than ever certain that it would be "good business" to give a performance or two of the tragedy in London, if only to enable Metropolitan playgoers to compare it with that very similar though, of course, greater play, "Richard the Second," which Mr. Tree is now busily rehearsing at His Majesty's.

In addition to Mr. Willard's forthcoming production of "The Cardinal," tidings reach me concerning several other more or less picturesque costume-dramas. In the first place, Miss Olga Nethersole informs me that she contemplates producing an English version of Victorien Sardou's new play, "La Sorcière," the American rights of which have been secured by Mr. Charles Frohman. It is not unlikely that Mr. George R. Sims will presently have produced a new "Charles the Second" drama, entitled "Molly o' the Duke's." Mention must also be made of another "Canterbury Pilgrims" drama (all the way from America); of Mr. Laurence Irving's "Richard Lovelace" play, soon due in town from the provinces; of a new "Joan of Arc" play, adapted from the French; of "Dolly Varden," which Mr. Frank Curzon is to give at the Avenue next month; of "Pretty Peggy," which Woffingtonian play he will produce elsewhere in London ere long; and of Mr. John Davidson's "Ruy Blas," which Mr. Lewis Waller is to present at his next theatre, the Imperial, in mid-November.



MR. E. S. WILLARD, WHO IS TO OPEN HIS LONDON SEASON  
AT THE ST. JAMES'S ON AUG. 31 WITH "THE CARDINAL."

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

# KEY-NOTES

THE Promenade Concerts begin on Saturday (Aug. 22), and should have a good run of popularity with the nine weeks that have been assigned to their duration. For Mr. Wood has always managed to cater for a highly musical audience without at any time boring those to whom the second (and popular) section of the programme appeals more intimately. Moreover, there is no doubt that many an amateur will visit the Queen's Hall for the sake of the popular music, and will find himself, considerably to his own gratification, interested and engrossed by music to which he has hitherto confessed himself to be, with even a certain proud humility, a total stranger.

Mr. Wood has issued a vastly interesting "novelty list," which contains the titles of all the works to be given for the first time, and of all those which will be played for the first time in London. These lists prove once more how wide and keen is Mr. Wood's interest in purely contemporary music. Finely grafted as he is on the great masterpieces of the music of a bygone time, he is nevertheless prepared

at all times to recognise the best in to-day's work; and to Mr. Wood the word "youth" contains nothing affrighting or savouring of iconoclasm. It would be well if the same could be said of every influential musical personality now engaged in the furtherance of the art of music in England.

We are to have a Symphony, for example, from the pen of Mr. Cyril Scott. A Symphony is a big undertaking, both in the composition and in the production; and we may look, therefore, for something that will not disappoint expectation. Mr. Garnet Wolseley Cox has already been tried as a composer, and in many respects has not been found wanting; he is to be represented in a new light as the writer of a Pastoral Suite. Mr. William Wallace, too, is here, under similar conditions, with a Suite, "Pelleas and Melisande." Mr. Wallace writes admirably; he has rapidly been ridding himself of external influences, and is finding his own personality with all reasonable speed. Mr. Cecil Forsyth will be represented by a new Concerto for Viola and Orchestra. Mr. York Bowen has been ambitious enough to essay

the form of "Symphonic Poem," and to his new work has attached the title "The Lament of Tasso." In the same order of things lies Mr. Rutland Boughton's "Into the Everlasting," a title which, on a first hearing, strikes one as savouring a trifle of bombast; one can only trust with sincerity that the music will not impress one similarly. The difficulty of choosing a really suitable title for a work that is purposely ambitious is doubtless great; but such a phrase as "Into the Everlasting" rather reminds one of the poems of Mr. Robert Montgomery, whose works are never read, but extracts from which may be found in one of the most famous and quite the most cruel of Lord Macaulay's Essays.

Another new Symphonic Poem will be from the pen of Mr. Edgar L. Bainton, and is called simply "Pompilia." Then there is to mention, among other novelties, Mr. Ernest Blake's Introduction to an Operatic Poem, "The Bretwalde," Mr. W. H. Reed's "Suite Venetienne," Mr. Nicholas Gatty's Concert-Allegro for Pianoforte, and Mr. Cecil Forsyth's Concerto for Viola and Orchestra. Altogether, the list is a very pretty one, and will be of very great influence towards encouraging both these lucky composers whose works have been chosen, and those others who may desire their works to be chosen for performance at the Promenade Concerts, to go forward and do their level best in the future. There is nothing like the sort of implied recognition of talent which is involved in the production of one's work at such concerts as these to spur young musicians forward to do better and better things. So many compositions are laboriously wrought to a completion with so slender a chance of production, that this particular Autumn Season, in which Mr. Henry Wood takes so profound an interest, comes with quite a peculiar power to encourage, to uplift, and to urge forward. At any rate, it will be seen from the details which have been already given that there is a great deal of youthful, and something more than youthful, industry alive in the musical world of to-day in England. The repertory of the Queen's Hall Orchestra is also to be extended by the inclusion of certain works, chief amongst which are two compositions by Mozart. The first is a "Concertante Quartet" for Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn, and Orchestra; and the second is a Serenade (No. 6 in D).

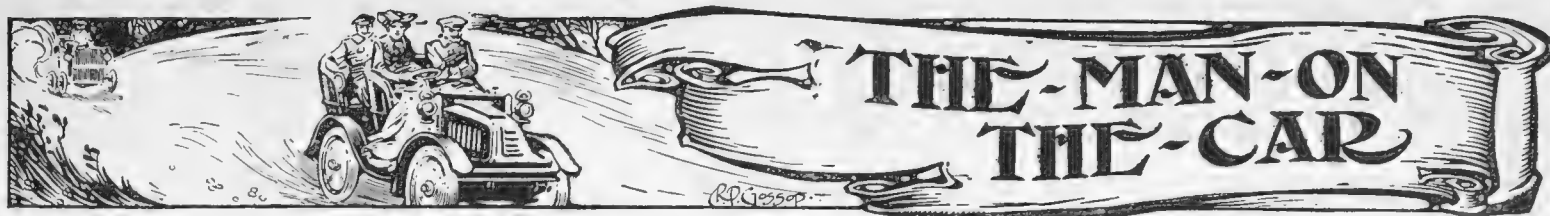
COMMON CHORD.



MISS GURNEY DELAPORTE, PLAYING IN "THE MEDAL AND THE MAID," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.





*The Motor Bill—London to Glasgow—The Royal Party in Ireland—Country Hotel Charges.*

WHEN Lords and Commons have run mad—for mad the majority of both their Houses, “upon which a plague,” must assuredly have gone, so far, at least, as the Motor-car Bill is concerned—then, if all the joints of the Constitution rang true, we might look at last for a bulwark against the ruin of an industry in the form of the refusal of the Royal Assent to this measure of blind prejudice and ignorance. It is the latter, coupled with that insensate repugnance to anything new and the blind worship of the equine which not too brilliantly distinguish the Anglo-Saxon, that is at the bottom of the influences brought to bear upon the progress of this ill-advised and ill-conceived measure through both Houses of Parliament. If the very gentlemen who foamed or raved against the elimination of the speed-limit, and who, for the greater part, have never even sat in an automobile—good, bad, or indifferent—could have had pre-debate trips in modern types of vehicles, at speeds suitable to the traffic threaded, and up to, say, thirty miles an hour, we should not have been constrained to peruse such columns of drivelling nonsense as were poured forth just lately in the House.

Captain Deasy has not been allowed long to remain the only man who has driven an automobile through from London to Glasgow—four hundred and fifty miles—via York, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Edinburgh, at one sitting. At midnight on the 10th inst., Mr. A. E. Perman, accompanied by Mr. Harry J. Swindley of the *Autocar*, and a mechanic, left London for the “greatest engineering centre in the world,” running by the Great North Road to York and on over the roads followed by Captain Deasy to Glasgow. The car driven was a 10 horse-power Gladiator of the ordinary touring pattern, and though heavy rain and roads were encountered for quite a third of the journey, the car reached Glasgow in only one hour and four minutes longer time than that occupied by Captain Deasy’s 24 horse-power Rochet-Schneider, although delayed considerably by two stops for tyre-troubles due to nail-perforations. But, in the case of the 10 horse-power Gladiator, the engine was not stopped once, either accidentally or by design, throughout the trip, so that, from an automobilist’s point of view, a non-stop run absolute was most creditably achieved. Before

the current was finally switched off in the Glasgow Garage, the two-cylinder motor had been running without intermission for twenty-two and a-half hours.

His Majesty the King and the Royal party made much use of automobiles during their late Irish tour, and were thereby enabled to get most pleasantly and expeditiously about the country. I am told that one of the most enjoyable runs made by the King and Queen and members of the Londonderry house-party at Mount Stewart was that undertaken on the 25th ult. to Lord de Ros’, when His Majesty was driven in an 18 horse-power Clement by the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, who, by the way, is Lord High Steward of Ireland. The body of this car is what is known as a protected phaeton, and, although it rained heavily on the return journey, the Royal party arrived home quite dry and comfortable. On the following day a trip was made to Clandeboyne, the Lord High Steward again having the honour of driving the King in the 18 horse-power Clement. His Majesty this time sitting on the front-seat beside the Earl, while the Queen and Lady Londonderry occupied the rear-seats. Princess Victoria and Lady Gosford followed in a 12 horse-power Clement, the Duke of Abercorn and the rest of the party being accommodated in the Earl of Shrewsbury’s Panhard and Lord Londonderry’s two Daimlers.

If there is one person more than another who should be thankful for the advent of the motor-car, it is surely the hotel-proprietor in the country and country towns. The motor brings him customers that but for the self-propelled carriage would never have come his way, and yet how does he frequently treat them? The “teuf-teuf” of the petrol engine as the car enters his yard is sufficient immediately to send his tariff up by leaps and bounds, until the figure set upon bedrooms and viands smacks rather of the Carlton or the Berkeley than the frequently ill-equipped and none too comfortable country inn or hotel. This is killing the goose, &c., with a vengeance, and Mr. Boniface will shortly find the game recoil on his own head if he does not mend his ways. Not only are ridiculous prices placed on rooms and meals, but absurd sums are demanded for the most inadequate car-shelter.



SIR HORACE PLUNKETT ON HIS TEN HORSE-POWER PANHARD. THE KING AND QUEEN MADE THEIR RECENT TOUR THROUGH CONNEMARA ON THIS MOTOR-CAR, SIR HORACE ACTING AS DRIVER.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Meetings—The late Mr. Greenwood—Newmarket Handicaps.*

NOT the least pleasant of the Northern late-summer meetings is that held at Stockton, which is well supported by Lord Londonderry and is admirably managed by Mr. W. R. Hornby. A number of moderate animals are engaged in the Great Northern Leger, which may be won by William Rufus or St. Evremonde. In the Hardwicke Stakes are some useful two-year-olds, notably Bitters, Bass Rock (entered and bred by Mr. J. Robinson), and Mousqueton. The last-named did not excel at Lewes, and the race appears to lie between the other two. The Durham County Produce Plate should go to Uninsured, in whose absence I should take General Cronje or Dumbarton Castle. At Hurst Park the August Two-year-old Plate should be won by Heronry. The Lennox Plate, which attracts but little attention considering there is fifteen hundred sovereigns for the winner and money for nominators of placed horses, may be won by William Rufus or Baroness La Flèche. If the mare is all right on the day, she should have no difficulty in winning. In any case, Mr. Musker seems to have a chance of picking up this stake. On the first day of York the Prince of Wales Plate should go to Mr. Douglas Baird's Leucadia, and the Yorkshire Oaks to Quintessence or Sun Rose.

The little army of Pressmen who "do the meetings" for the Sporting Press will sorely miss Mr. Charles Greenwood, who was a long way ahead of all other racing journalists. His death came as something of a shock, for, although it was known the state of his health necessitated a holiday, those who saw him laughing and joking with Mr. John Corlett and Mr. John Porter at Goodwood could scarcely have been prepared for the tragic news. For over twenty years he held together such a *clientèle* as never gathered round a sporting writer. It was with the majority of racing-men, "What does 'Hotspur' give?" And not only were his advices over that signature in the *Daily Telegraph* widely

sought, but his racing articles were widely read, combining, as they did, shrewd insight into races as they were run with a style that belonged exclusively to Mr. Greenwood—a style that could not be copied. Lord Rosebery reckoned him amongst the best of sporting writers.

The whirligig of time brings no more forcible reminder of the beginning of the end than the acceptances for the two big Autumn Handicaps—the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. The weights will appear early next month, and perhaps most people will immediately wish to see "what Sceptre's got." This popular mare is entered in both races, but it is hardly to be expected that she is intended to run for either of them, for she can scarcely be handicapped at a winning weight. Still, it will be interesting to see what the official weight-setter puts between her and Zinfandel, who, with Imperious and Rising Glass, completes Lord de Walden's trio for the long-distance race. Many racing-men think Zinfandel the best three-year-old in training. Certainly Sceptre is the best mare in active work, so we shall be able to see the official view of three- and four-year-old form. Another point of interest will be the difference allowed between these two and Our Lassie, winner of the Oaks. This mare was said to have been "got at" before the Lincoln Handicap, for which she was tried a certainty, and she went wrong just before the Manchester Cup. In the meantime, she had won the Oaks, and perhaps Morton entertains ideas of winning the Cambridgeshire with her. She

is entered in both races, as are also several other really good horses. Not the least pleasing feature of these Newmarket handicaps is the support accorded them by French owners, who seem to like to win at Ascot, Epsom, and Newmarket more than at any other English meeting. Austro-Hungary, Russia, and Germany are also often directly interested in our biggest handicaps.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE LATE MR. CHARLES GREENWOOD ("HOTSPUR").



THE GOLF-LINKS, CROMER.

Photograph by J. Temple.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE well-deserved sobriquet of "Green Isle" might in all justice be attached to Britain as well as Hibernia this season. Never have the hedges been more "blind," the grass so verdant, the trees more luxuriantly in leaf. For that we have to thank—or abuse—the unceasing rains which have brought sorrow to the dress-making

the healthily hungry bucolic selected the stalks for choice. Those were the days when buxom Madame Chevet, of Palais-Royal reputation, used to retail asparagus at forty francs a bundle as fast as she could sell it. Talking of Paris, they are actually selling furs there already—depressing reminder of our nine months' winter—but some of the newest stoles, pelerines, and capelets are "so utterly exquisite," I am informed by feminine friends passing through, as to quite reconcile one to the horrid idea of winter; pony-skin is being "worked up" into all sorts of charming novelties, and mole-skin will be more than ever a vogue, though of entirely different form from last season's models. Feather hats, sea-gulls, peacocks, and pheasants, particularly the former, are turning the tide of fashion from all other forms and fancies.

Certainly in these realms of rain and mist the feather hat has every reason for existing, and the new shapes are smart exceedingly, with a *chic* that puts velvet and silk completely out of court for the moment, while for motors their merits are at once both apparent and paramount. On the subject of motors and their merits I have heard much eloquence lately, by the way, having stayed in a house where there were six different sorts stabled, with six enthusiastic owners all supporting their own fancy in all the Anglo-Saxon of which they were capable.

The real apple of discord was finally launched by a fair American, however, who told us all of a wonderful electric-car which is to revolutionise Mother Earth and make all other cars just worth the market value of old iron when it appears next year. What price our beloved and expensive petrol-cars then? Decidedly from all well-informed quarters the moral of purchasing a motor seems to be, *Wait*—every season brings improvements, developments, and reductions in the present extravagant prices which make them possible only to the rich, while, before very long, perfected machines will be available at a quarter of what one is asked for cumbersome, indifferent roadsters to-day. There is not a doubt of it. Which somehow reminds me of a question asked by the wit of our house-party yesterday, "Why are



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FOR EITHER COUNTRY OR SEASIDE.

fraternity and made a hollow mockery of Fashion's mandates. For what possible use proclaiming the enticements of Cottager bonnets for the country, glorified Bakers' caps for travelling, picturesque Romney *chapeaux* for afternoon seaside promenades, or the silken bathing-caps of blazing August, when tremendous cloud-bursts and heavy thunder-claps frustrate the most peaceful policies of *couturière* and modiste alike?

Three facts derivable from this season's atmospheric upheavals strike one afresh. They are: Woman was made to suffer, Man to be suffered, the Weather insufferable. Being destitute of ideas on form, fashion, or problematical fine weather, I have been rudely told I am replacing them with words; but this is not altogether so. To be cast away in a country-house five miles from everywhere, with the heavens wide open and the rain simply slopping through, is not enlivening, more particularly during that period after luncheon and before tea when every lady not buried in Mudie is lost in siesta. It is too wet even to seek out the head-gardener, who is always good for a posy and quaint horticultural confidences. "The year is divided into two parts," he informed me the other day, with much solemnity: "the 'crunching' or celery season, and the 'sucking' or asparagus. We've passed one, and the other hasn't arrived. So we're *nowhere*."

One of his asparagus stories is so good that it seems worth repeating. Some wag of early Victorian days gave a dinner, it would appear, at the Cock to a simple Somersetshire man unaccustomed to luxury, and, dividing the "heads and tails" of a large dish of asparagus, said, "Now, George, I have cut and you shall choose," whereupon



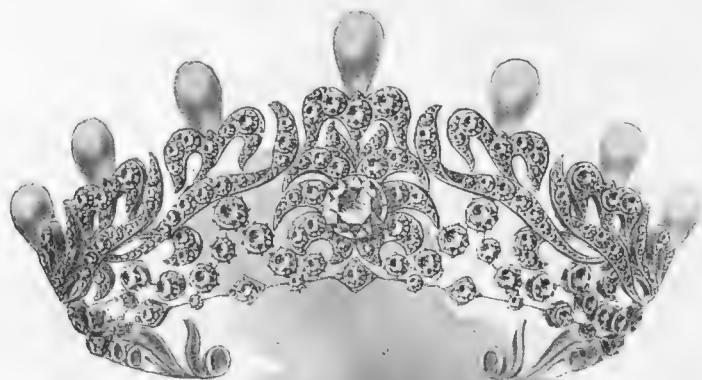
[Copyright.]

A SEASONABLE COAT.

brains the opposite of money?" "Because the less one has the more one is satisfied!" The truth of which is abundantly obvious nowadays, though it is not always truth even with a capital "T" that persuades people, but those who deliver it.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, as applied to the hair—always woman's crowning glory—is rest, perfect rest. After the incessant dressing, curling, crimping, and waving which the Season demands, it is a matter of extreme expediency to let the locks lie fallow, so to speak, for at least six or eight weeks. Those who still wear fringe may be, moreover, advised to equip themselves with a "bang," as our American cousins phrase it, of naturally curly hair warranted to withstand moor-mists or sea-spray alike. While we are recuperating our Season-ried souls and bodies with travel, bathing, life-giving breezes, and the "waters," our long locks should be meted out mercy in equal share, and this is best done by plenty of sunshine, air, and, above all, a *deceit nisi* from curling-tongs.

The pear-shaped pearl, which from earliest times has been first favourite amongst the jewels of any Eve's daughter, is now no longer the rare and exclusive possession of the very few, as witness an exquisite example of its application in a tiara by the Parisian Diamond Company on this page. Here also we find the pendent pear-shaped jewel daintily capped with diamonds, and suspended from a necklace whose workmanship is in itself a little masterpiece. The dog-collar of perennial attraction is also shown, and is an ornament which the Parisian Diamond Company may be justly credited with popularising amongst the classes, on account of the exquisite quality of the stones and pearls used, as well as the comparatively attainable price at which these most becoming ornaments can be obtained.



ARTISTIC JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STELLA (Bengal).—Your best plan would be to send the best-fitting bodice you have got to a good dressmaker at home. Ernest and Kate Reilly both send dresses all over the place, for instance, and their respective styles are unquestionably good.



THE GRAND HOTEL, TRAFALGAR SQUARE:  
GRILL-ROOM EXTENSION.

F. F. (Madresfield).—My homily on hair-dressing in the body of this article exactly answers your inquiries; but a tonic is, of course, very efficacious as well, and one of the best and most effective I have found to be "Captol," which is prepared by the proprietors of Müllhens' "Rhine Violet," and retailed at their Dépôt, 62, New Bond Street.

CECILE G. (Roscommon).—Yes; they are very much in fashion, and likely to become more so. You will see a pair of square-cut emerald ear-rings in *Sketch* of Aug. 12, page 1x., by the Parisian Diamond Company, which only cost £2 16s., and are, to all appearance, the real thing. You cannot do better.

LUCY (Grasmere).—Nothing is prettier in the country than scarlet. One of the new bright-red delaines with white spots should suit you. Yes; lace-trimmed brims are seen on many of the new hats, so you are quite correct.

SYRIL.

Evart-Hall, Limited, of London and Nottingham, have just delivered a large sporting-car to the Duke of Portland at Welbeck.

Mr. Heinemann has in preparation a great collection of Sargent's reproductions representing Mr. Sargent's work from his earliest period to the present day. Mrs. Meynell is writing a note for the book.

Under the direction of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., an extension has recently been completed at that popular dining-resort, the Grand Hotel Grill Rooms, Trafalgar Square. The Grill Rooms illustrated above are constructed of white tile-work and are remarkably cool in summer. They are well ventilated, and smoking is permitted in some of the rooms.

Crom Castle and Ragley Hall, the one an Irish, the other a Warwickshire stronghold, have both been *en fête* in honour of a charming and popular bride. Lord and Lady Erne had the joy of welcoming Lord and Lady Crichton to Crom Castle, and Newtown Butler proved with what hearty liking the gallant young soldier is regarded by his parents' neighbours and tenants. At Ragley Hall the home-coming of Lord Yarmouth's American bride was naturally awaited very eagerly, and Lord and Lady Hertford gave a garden-party in honour of their new daughter-in-law, who was, it will be remembered, Miss Thaw, of Chicago.

The Great Western Railway Company have decided to establish road motor-car services as feeders to the railway in country districts. These vehicles will furnish links with the railway between the stations and outlying villages and small towns in different parts of the country needing improved travelling facilities. The first place selected for the commencement of the experiment is the line between Stonehouse and Chalford, in the Stroud Valley, a distance of about seven miles. The cars will be capable of carrying fifty-two passengers and will be propelled by steam-power. It is the intention to run these cars at convenient times in connection with the Company's trains. Five motors have been ordered.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 25.*

## LOOKING ROUND.

TALK of a possible increase in the Bank Rate, to say nothing of political mishappenings in the land of Turkish Delight, must be debited with the declining of Consols. With the Funds are moving Colonial and Corporation stocks, but other markets seem to have shaken off their allegiance to Goschens for the time being, and Home Railways look as though they might go better. The Underground stocks, however, continue weak in the remembering of the recent Paris horror. Yankees pursue their volatile path with a half-promise of more permanent improvement, but the Trunk statement badly disappointed some of the more optimistic bulls. From the Mining Markets the public holds resolutely aloof, which is not particularly surprising in view of the number of people who are away on holiday bent.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Much higher and much wider than the far-famed Falls of Niagara, the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River cannot remain unfettered and unsubdued for an indefinite period of time. This mighty work of Nature—"the most wonderful sight I have witnessed in Africa," wrote Dr. Livingstone, half-a-century back—is already marked as a vast industrial force in Rhodesia, and a large electrical-power scheme is being promulgated under the auspices of the Chartered Company and other important hands. In time, it may be that Bulawayo itself will look to the Falls for the power that shall operate its tramways, electric-lighting, and the manifold industries which every thriving town requires, while in other directions the scope for work is literally enormous. And that the supreme beauty of these Falls shall be in no wise interfered with by installations is above all things demanded by the Chartered Company in making its concessions.

## CONSOLS AND THE MONEY MARKET.

One of the most carefully cherished traditions of the Money Market says that there will be a rise in the Bank Rate some time during the autumn, and this year Lombard Street is already talking of an earlier advance than usual. While it is more than ordinarily difficult to attempt a forecast as to the Old Lady's intentions, it may be said that no surprise would greet a rise in the Bank Rate within the next three or four weeks, and perhaps the expected may happen even sooner. There is plenty of money in the market for the time being, and it showed curious miscalculation on the part of some folk that the supply ear-marked by Lombard Street for the last Stock Exchange settlement should have proved considerably in excess of the demand. But the Bank of England's gold is sure to be wanted by everyone before long, and the difficulty of obtaining the precious metal must be met with a rise in the rate. Largely on this account the Consol Market is exhibiting marked weakness. With the prospects of dearer money so close in view, the disposition is rather to sell Consols than buy them, and the ordinary purchases on behalf of trustees and others are less than usual, owing to the competition of similar securities paying a higher rate of interest. In the circumstances it is possible that we have not seen the lowest of Consols, and perhaps the pessimists who talked the price to 85 not very long ago may see their predictions verified even yet.

## THE GRAND TRUNK POSITION.

By degrees the gamblers in Grand Trunks must be growing accustomed to the policy that the Board has so manifestly marked out as its own. Caution is the key-note that dominates every line of the stave, and in days to come it is positive that Grand Trunk stockholders will bless the present directors as fervently as every cow blesses the Duke of Argyll. Naturally, as we have observed on several former occasions, this line of management receives no gratitude except from the proprietors of the senior securities, who, after all, have the first

claim to consideration. Regarded speculatively, we must confess that, in our opinion, Trunk Thirds and Ordinary have little to commend them for the moment, the former stock looking rather a useful bear, seeing that it is not likely to receive any particular access of strength on this side of the next dividend announcement, unless, of course, the monthly statements for the rest of the year make a much better showing than they did for the first half of 1903. But our good opinion of the First and Second Preference stocks as investments is emphasised by the wisdom which continues the same safe policy pursued of recent years by the Grand Trunk directors in building up the line as far as possible out of revenue.

## THE SPASMS OF YANKEES.

Without exaggeration it may be said that the financial position in the Yankee Market is gradually righting itself. Speculative investors are coming back by degrees to repurchase the shares that they sold a year or two back, and it is quite possible that before long a fair proportion of the scrip which went over the Atlantic in such boat-loads at that time will be returning to its former asylum on this side. Embarrassments in London which have overtaken the big firms were due almost entirely to the failures across the water, while the situation was rendered none the brighter by reckless gambling on the part of a few speculators in London who piled up liabilities without having the wherewithal to meet heavy differences. But much of the wreckage has now been cleared away, and unless a new series of blows is to hammer Yankees down still further, the London Stock Exchange may congratulate itself upon having escaped as lightly as it has done. A remarkable phase of the slump was freely commented upon in the markets, to the effect that for once the "House" was afraid to sell a bear of Yankees, although all its convictions pointed in that direction. Nobody knew what Brother Jonathan might do, and though the worst seems to be over, it has left more than a sentiment of caution. Evidently the Yankee market must still be prepared for violent spasms of fluctuation; but for our part, we take the view that the bulls have reason on their side in thinking that the course for the next few weeks will be upwards on balance.

## GOERZ GROUP OF MINES.

The Goerz group of mines is of comparatively recent growth, but in a few years' time it has attained to very considerable dimensions, and is only of less importance than the premier combinations, such as those bearing the name of Beit, Barnato, Goldfields, &c. The late Mr. A. Goerz, the founder of the group, differed in one important respect from nearly all the other mining magnates of the Rand. He was a professional mining-man. Your Beits, Barnatos, Robinsons,

Farrars, &c., are financiers who have drifted into mining just as they might have gravitated into the soft-goods line; but the late Mr. Goerz was a mining engineer. He studied at the School of Mines in Freiburg, and adopted the profession of mining as his life's work.

Arriving on the Rand in the early 'nineties, with strong German financial backing, Mr. Goerz founded the firm of Ad. Goerz and Co. (limited under German law) and in the great boom of 1894-95 his energy, assisted by his professional skill, brought him well to the front. The German mines, as they were called, were already a well-established factor. They embraced a few well-known properties, in which German capital, directed by the Albus, Goerz, Maginn, and others, had secured a controlling influence. Such, even at that date (1894-95), were the Meyer and Charlton, Goch, Roodepoort United, Princess Estate, the defunct Metropolitan, Van Ryn, and others. In 1895, the Goerz firm achieved its first big thing in the flotation of the Lancaster. It required a certain amount of courage for a financier in those days to contemplate the expenditure of some hundreds of thousands on what was then a discredited part of the Rand, but subsequent events have proved that Mr. Goerz was actuated by a sound judgment when he consolidated sufficient claims on Luipaard's Vlei to make a big mine, on the well-established theory that profitable mining on the Rand, particularly on properties away from the rich central portion of the reef, is largely a question of the magnitude of operations.

The Lancaster was closely followed by the Roodepoort Central Deep. In this latter case, the problem set before the promoters was the comparatively easy one of following the example set by successful outcrop mines, and this is being done. Two years later (1897), the Lancaster West was floated on the extension westwards from the Lancaster, and this mine, since the close of the War, has been earning good profits. The Geduld and Modderfontein Deep were brought out in 1899, both formed to work deep-level areas on the Far East. While this and other initiatory work was in progress, the founder of the firm passed away, to the regret of all who knew him. A man of few words, of unfailing courtesy and goodness of heart, Mr. Goerz was, withal, a strong man, and his death, while still comparatively young, was a real loss to the



THE VICTORIA FALLS: UNHARNESSED POWER—AS YET.

*Photograph by F. W. Sykes.*

Rand. But the firm he founded still lives, being steered with growing success year by year by the man who was Mr. Goerz's trusted lieutenant in his lifetime, Mr. Amadeus Brakhan.

In 1897, a few years before his death, Mr. Goerz converted his firm into a public Company, with an influential London Board, of which Lord Battersea is Chairman. This Company earned a net profit of £182,437 last year, and to-day its position is one of very great strength, ready to take full advantage of the good times which await the Rand in the not distant future. One comparison will show in what direction the company has been improving its position, and it may also convey a hint to investors as to how the cat is expected to jump. During the War period, it was apparent to anyone who studies the published accounts of the large South African financial companies that they were all converting securities into cash and holding big balances against possible contingencies. The reverse process has been going on of late, surplus balances finding investment either in new properties or in the depreciated shares of the older Companies. Thus it comes about that, at Dec. 31, 1901, shares and debentures held by Messrs. A. Goerz and Co. amounted to £534,374, while at Dec. 31 last they were no less than £906,435. Part of this increase is due to the flotation of properties formerly figuring in the accounts as claims, but share holdings have also been increased in the ordinary way, and it is a satisfactory feature, further, that new claims have been acquired to more than make up for the year's flotations, so that the amount figuring under claims was £212,479 at Dec. 31, 1901, while at Dec. 31 last it was £260,640. The gross increase in shares, Debentures, and gold-claims on the year is thus no less than £420,223, and the meaning of this is so obvious that he who runs may read.

The new business which Messrs. Goerz and Co. have in prospect, and which is indicated by the above figures, is mainly on the Far East Rand, which this financial group is doing much to open up. The bore-holes on Geduld in 1898 marked a new era in the development of the Rand, and the successful results opened men's eyes to the possibilities of miles upon miles of reefs beyond Boksburg. How few of the investors who have made money out of their Transvaal Coal Trusts, Klipfonteins, Rand Collieries, Transvaal Consolidated Lands (Holfontein), Welgedachts, and countless other properties reflect on what they owe to the three bore-holes on Geduld! As a result of their success with Geduld, and subsequently with the Modderfontein Deep (where they also proved the reef by means of bore-holes), Messrs. Goerz and Co. have acquired 5700 acres on Witpoort, to the south, on the dip. Recent events have led to the belief that the reef exists on this farm at a workable depth. If rumour is to be trusted, they have also bought a large, if not a controlling, interest in the Rand Collieries. Still further to the south, they have a considerable interest in the farm Witboek, 10,600 acres. Here the reef is likely to be very deep, but there is a possibility of its being workable. In the same district Goerz and Co. have recently bought an interest in the Eastern Gold Mines, owning 651 claims on the farm Finaal-span, and quite lately the details were disclosed of an arrangement come to with Goerz and Co. and A. Dunkelsbuhler and Co. on the one hand, and the Transvaal Coal Trust on the other, for the flotation of the gold rights on the farm De Rietfontein. This farm has an area of 9500 acres, and the mynpacht will probably be about 830 claims, representing three or even four big deep-level mines. The arrangement is that, should Goerz and Dunkelsbuhler decide, after boring operations, to exercise their right to float, the Coal Trust will receive 250,000 shares in the new Company and the other parties 50,000 shares. To raise working capital, 200,000 shares will be offered to Coal Trust shareholders at 35s. a share, and these will be guaranteed by Goerz and Dunkelsbuhler, who will also subscribe for 100,000 shares at the same price and receive a two years' option over a further 150,000 shares at 40s. The scheme is a big one and is likely to engage a good deal of attention for some years to come. In conjunction with their other interests in the district, it will afford a good outlet for both the energy and capital of Goerz and Co. It is to be remembered, also, that only two subsidiaries have yet been formed upon the farm Geduld, while it is contemplated to form six in all, and there is mynpacht ground enough (total claims, 2371) for the four yet to be brought out. The Modderfontein Deep also has yet to be put on a working basis. The mere recapitulation of the new schemes of this one mining group conveys some little idea of the greatly increased demand that must take place for labour on the Rand within the next few years.

As regards the producing mines of the group, the Lancaster has just recommenced crushing with 50 stamps. The Company has over 300,000 tons of ore developed, mostly on the Botha Reef series, and from these tons the supply will be mainly drawn for a time, and it is believed, with satisfactory results, as this is the richest portion of the mine. The Lancaster West, with only 40 stamps, and working the Battery Reef, is earning 10s. 6d. per ton profit. The Roodepoort Central Deep has increased its yield to 50s. and the profit to 12s. a ton by a new method of stripping the reef clean in the mine. The May Consolidated and Geldenhuys Estate, which are both controlled by the Goerz group, are mines of established reputation in the list of regular dividend-payers. The former, with 60 stamps at work, is earning £8000 a-month, and only wants labour to enable it to run its full 100 stamps and earn possibly £17,000 monthly, as it did in 1899. The Geldenhuys Estate is also handicapped in the same way. In 1899, with 120 stamps, its monthly profits averaged from £25,000 to £30,000, and only the shortage of labour stands in the way of similar or even greater profits being earned now.

#### FOREIGN RAILS.

With other Markets falling around them in all directions, it is not at all surprising that the Argentine Railway stocks should have

participated in the flatness of almost everything else; but those who are on the look-out for a good speculative investment will probably rather welcome the weakness which has given them the opportunity of acquiring stock which has been rendered droopy through the financial causes prevalent elsewhere. We have on several former occasions spoken at length about the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway, and would again point to the stock as a first-rate investment of the second class. The traffics are excellent, and even the *Times* has given up ravaging the country with locusts for a while. A dividend of 5 per cent seems to be assured, so that at the present price the stock is almost on a 6 per cent. basis. It is not, however, the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Company only which is doing well. The Great Southern also publishes fine traffics, but the price fails entirely to respond to the excellent figures which are announced week after week. In the neighbourhood of 133 the stock is well worthy of acquisition, and will stand nearer 150 when financial conditions become more adjusted. In the present nervous state of the Stock Exchange, it is probable that all investment stocks will remain under a cloud for perhaps another six or eight weeks; but it must be emphasised that the wise man is he who picks up stocks when they are cheap, regardless of the possibility of getting them a

few fractions cheaper if he runs the risk of missing his market in his anxiety to get in at the bottom. The Mexican Railway Market, too, should not be passed over by those who are looking out for low-priced securities.

#### ELECTRICAL RAILWAY STOCKS.

So far, the market for electrical railway securities remains dull and depressed as the result of the Paris horror, and all the official assurances of safety that have been so freely expressed during the past week have scarcely reconciled stockholders in the different Companies to the prospect of a considerable decrease in traffic receipts on these lines. The published figures, however, do not seem to show that the public which uses the Tube railways has taken severe fright at the fire on the Paris Metropolitan, and in the course of a month or so we should say that all such fears will have worn away in forgetfulness of the holocaust. City and South London Ordinary stock is peculiarly flat, the market before the French accident having got into a very nervous state, liable to be upset on the appearance of possible sellers, and now the price is decidedly flabby. If the decline should make any further retrogression and take the stock down to about 55, we have no hesitation in saying that at such a figure City Ordinary will be worth picking up. Competition by the County Council tramways in South London is

fully discounted, and we are now in the "fat" half of the dividend-year. The Central London trio of stocks offers no great attraction in view of the yield obtainable on any of the three being very slightly more than that on London and North-Western or Great Western Ordinary stocks, while Waterloo and City pays 3½ per cent., and the price is all but 100. The Brompton and Piccadilly shares offered by Speyer Brothers a short time back are quoted at their par value of £10 a share, and Great Northern and City "A" Preference stand about 8½ for the £10 shares. District stock is cheap as a speculation, and Metropolitan looks attractive after its fall.

Saturday, Aug. 15, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

DONNINGTON.—The Industrial shares are not a sound investment. Both "Johnnies" and Knights Central are good speculations at present prices.

WEYMOUTH.—We have considerable doubts as to the Costa Rica Government fulfilling its promise, but a gentleman is now on his way to this country with a scheme that may commend itself to the bondholders. The details are not fully available yet.

CANADIAN.—Cut your loss and sell the shares.

J. G.—We have sent you the name of a firm of stockbrokers upon whom you can rely implicitly.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE VICTORIA FALLS.

Photograph by F. W. Sykes.



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## THE WORK OF MESSRS. ESMÉ COLLINGS.

PORTRAIT photography has lost none of its old fascination with the public and is more in demand than ever. The art, however, has been completely revolutionised during the last few years, and the productions now of the leading photographers are indeed works of art in the highest sense of the word. No photographers have done more to raise the artistic standard of the art than Messrs. Esmé Collings, who may truthfully be described as pioneers of artistic photography. It is almost inconceivable to hear that this firm is only about twelve years old. Beginning with one small studio, it is now one of the most flourishing businesses in London, possessing six branches and with more in prospective. The reasons for this, however, are not far to seek. Firstly, of course, Messrs. Collings have succeeded by their merit in photography pure and simple, every portrait being made a careful study and every detail in the business of photography carried out to perfection. Their golden rule is, that no trouble is too great to take over even the smallest commission. Another reason of their success has been the continual introduction of new styles in photography, increasing each time in artistic merit until they culminated in the highest standard ever reached in the art—namely, the “Cosway” portraits. It was a brilliant inspiration indeed that prompted the introduction of these most beautiful pictures. The “Cosway” portraits are photographs of very great beauty, possessing the charm, and resembling in style and treatment, the lovely old mezzotint engravings which are now so highly prized. A “Cosway” portrait by Messrs. Esmé Collings, with its exquisite colouring, is fit to hang side by side with a J. R. Smith coloured engraving. They are produced in various sizes, and the effect of their delicious, delicate colouring and richness of sepia tone is truly wonderful and could not be produced by any mechanical means. Every portrait is coloured and treated by hand.

But it is not photography alone, even though Messrs. Esmé Collings have practically reached perfection in this direction, that has placed them in the enviable position they hold. Their “life” work, and by this we mean paintings in pastel, water-colour, and oils, is of as high an order of merit as can be found in any photographer’s gallery, for they have drawn round them artists of high standing and recognised ability. It is here that they have wisely departed from the time-honoured custom of the profession, of invariably hiding the individuality of the artists under the photographer’s name. By this means Messrs. Collings have attracted some of the best pastellists and miniaturists of the day, who do an enormous amount of work for them, but the artists themselves would be the first to own that in these paintings no small measure of their success is due to the artistic guidance of Messrs. Collings themselves.

It is no exaggeration to say that the present great revival of miniature-painting, which commenced about six years ago, is very largely due to Messrs. Esmé Collings. A miniature on ivory is such a charming work of art that it is difficult to account for its wane in popularity after the passing away of such Masters as Richard Cosway. The present revival, however, has evidently come to stay. The miniatures exhibited in the galleries of Messrs. Esmé Collings speak for themselves. It is sufficient to say they are excelled by none

and equalled by few in the whole world of art. Perhaps one of the reasons for their phenomenal success with miniatures is that they place portraiture first and technique second, though, as a matter of fact, in every single miniature exhibited the technique is exquisite in its detail and refinement. They rightly contend that the value of a painted portrait very largely depends upon the faithfulness with which the limner has produced the likeness, and therefore perfect portraiture should be the first consideration.

Next, perhaps, in popularity to the miniature comes the pastel, which is experiencing a still more recent revival. It is only within the last six months that pastels have come to the front again and become the “rage,” and certainly no more beautiful picture for the walls or an easel in the drawing-room than a well-executed pastel can be found. Some time ago an erroneous impression got about as to the permanency or durability of pastel-work. As a matter of fact, it is just as permanent as water-colour painting if properly framed;

witness the work in our Public Galleries of the Masters of bygone generations. There are two distinct schools of pastel-work—the broad style and the smooth. Each possesses peculiar charm and merit of its own, and each is equally popular. In choosing the particular style, much depends on the person and draperies to be depicted, and here the experience of Messrs. Collings is of invaluable assistance in advising the patron. Very beautiful specimens in each style can be seen in all their galleries.

Following their principle of studying the Old Masters and reviving styles of work which flourished in previous periods, Messrs. Esmé Collings have introduced the exquisitely dainty style invented by Richard Cosway and called by him “Stayned” drawings. In these pictures the draperies and backgrounds are very lightly drawn with pencil in cool grey tones, and the faces are most delicately and finely painted in water-colours. It is difficult to describe the delicious effect and ineffably refined charm of these pictures. They are naturally specially adapted for portraits of ladies and children,

and the style lends itself peculiarly to full-length pictures. It is worthy to note, *en passant*, the great taste displayed in the framing of all their paintings. The best work can be spoilt by a frame in bad taste, and it is pleasurable, therefore, to record that special care is given to this all-important department, many of the frames being strikingly original in style and all in perfect keeping with the picture enclosed. It is, perhaps, somewhat superfluous to add that Messrs. Collings number among their clients practically all the leaders of fashion and judges of art among the aristocracy. A glance round their galleries at 175, New Bond Street, shows pictures of the Duchess of Westminster (an exquisite full-length pastel), the Princess Hohenlohe, the Countess of Bective (a beautiful half-length miniature), the Countess of Warwick and Baby (an ideal specimen of the “Stayned” drawing style), the Countess of Westmorland; and many other Society celebrities.

Among the painted portraits of men, one is much struck with the strong and faithful likenesses of the late General Wauchope and Colonel Dick-Cunyngham. Messrs. Collings have ever been singularly successful with posthumous portraits painted from photographs, having made this a special study.



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